THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 40 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1927.
$1.50 per year in advance
Historical Society c

Discover For Yourself
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA T77
To drink a cup is a revelation. Try it.

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15tf

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Buy Your Hat Now During Our August Sale

The following special sale offerings afford a wide range of styles.

AUGUST SALE PRICES
$1.00
If priced in the regular way would be $5.00, to $10.00

WOMEN'S SILK STOCKINGS
$1.15 and 69c.
Regularly $1.50 and $1.00 pair

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AT REDUCED PRICES TO CLEAR

The Leading Millinery House

Just Arrived
New Fall
Imported Suitings
Order Now
See us for New Fall TOP COATS
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Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

REAL ESTATE.

Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts; Good country store business proposition; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

FOR SALE.

A 100 acre farm, at a bargain; an exceptionally good 200 acre farm; a good 100 acre farm, stock, machinery, and crop, easy terms; Mrs. Gerow's brick store Dundas St., and residence and land on Palace Road, just outside of town; Harry Walsh farm, Morven, at a bargain for quick sale; Madden property, over 50 acres on Belleville Road, choice land, only 4 acres in town limits; a good 160 acre farm, Switzerville Churc on same lot and school across road; D. N. Lucas farm, 100 acres, about 4 miles from town; Fraser Allen farm, 150 acres, Newburgh; James E. Hamilton farm, 115 acres, Yarker, Clayton Cranston farm, 200 acres, Switzerville; W. Henderson farm, Palace Road. Several residences moderately priced, and two good business properties in town. 37

JOHN WILSON,
Phone 26, Napanee.

DECORATING
Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL
Phone 406. East Street.

INSURANCE
For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of compaines to hoose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

ROOMERS WANTED—Girls preferred. Apply at this Office. 39-b

FOR SALE—Spring wagon and covered delivery sleigh. Apply to GEO. VINCENT. 40-ap

FOUND—Chauffeur's License pin No. 43109. Will owner call for same at this office.

FOR SALE—Two General Purpose Horses and several used plows. JNO. ROBINSON, Massey-Harris Agent. 39-b

FOUND—In Harvey Warner Park Man's overcoat. Will owner apply to WM. MORRIS, caretaker, for same. a-p

ROOMS—For school girls, pleasant rooms in a large, home, with downstairs sitting-room for study. Apply Box 180, Express Office. 40-ap

COW FOR SALE—A good Jersey cow, eight years old, in good condition, due to freshen about March 1st, 1928. Apply to W. R. MILLER, Napanee, R. R. No. 3. 39-bp

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Jane E. Ham, late f the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 15th day of September, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
38-d

YOU CAN'T STEAL FIRST BASE!

"You can't steal first base!" You can steal second base, you can steal third base, and you can steal home plate—mebbe. But you can't steal your first lap on life's round. There's always a clutter of "never-wasers" in the offing hugging the fond delusion that you can steal—instead of earn—life's start. Fellows, it can't be done. All the boosting and ballyhooing of the grandstand and bleachers, packed with your friends, won't get you to first base! You've just got to wallop your way to it. Once there, the hits of your pals and your sturdy own legs may bring you in a winner, but you've gotta be your own self-starter! No, young man, "you can't steal first base!"

LEAFS WIN FROM ONTARIOS

Sooner or later it was bound to happen. For two years the Napanee girls have been playing the Belleville Ontarios, but never until last Tuesday did they actually get the veridct. It is true that they have not been able to field their strongest team against them in the games this year, except once in Deseronto, when the game ended a tie. It goes to show that the Leafs are getting better, for the Ontarios are certainly no weaker. Rain, which fell during the first three innings, made the ball too slippery to handle at all, and both teams accumulated seven runs before the rain stopped, a procession of walks and several errors on easy catches, which slipped throug fielders' fingers being responsible.

Lillian Wagar, who pitched the whole game for Napanee, gave another high class exhibition. The Ontarios got only seven hits, and these were well scattered, the runs coming from the many passes. When in a pinch she twirled in remarkable style, in the tenth inning, in particular, after the bases were loaded on a walk, an error and a single, she struck out two and retired the next at first. Aileen Wilkins, with two triples and a single was the only Belleville batter to hit her consistently. Beatrice McGuire, as is her habit, obliged the fans with the longest hit of the game, a drive which soared far over the centre fielder's head and rolled nearly to the track. She made the circut easily on it. She also drove in the winning run in the eleventh, with her double to left, after Whitton had walked, Dickson singled, and Stinson sacrificed. Ruth Dickson handled all her chances perfectly in the outfield, and except in the first few innings when the ball was so slippery, all the Napanee team played well.

The Leafs will use practically the same lineup when they face the Kingston Treasures in the finals for the Eastern Ontario Championship next Wednesday here.

Ontarios.. 1 3 4 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—11
Leafs..... 0 5 2 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 1—12

Adams, Adams and Wilkins; Wagar and Stinson.

LEAFS DEFEAT TAMWORTH AT NAPANEE FAIR

The local girls smarting under a defeat at the hands of the girls from Tamworth, were out in strength on Thursday, and, grabbing a lead in the first innings, were never passed. When they went to Tamworth the previous week, they under-estimated the strength of the northerners, and did not bother to take all their players. The Tamworth team, however, is just good enough that no team can afford to take them lightly. Situated as they are, some distance from any town which has a capable ball team, so that their games are few, they deserve great credit for the brand of ball that they play. Miss Lockridge is a pitcher of real ability, and struck out more of the Napanee batters than any pitcher in their league was able to do.

The game was marred by a very unusual and unfortunate accident. In the fourth innings, Ruth Dickson, in attempting to catch a long fly ball, somehow got the ball between her fingers with such force that her hand was so badly split between the fingers that several stitches were required to close the painful wound. The accident was unprecedented, and no one yet can tell just how it was done. Ruth, however, will be back in the game after a week or so.

Dot Johnston started for Napanee, and got along nicely for three innings, but in the fourth the Tamworth girls suddenly began to hit, no less than six successive hits, together with Ruth's accident, putting six runs across the plate. Margaret Douglas then went in and finished the innings, holding the visitors hitless for the next four innings. Lillian Wagar pitched the ninth, and also allowed no runner to first. Miss Douglas' work was exceptionally good, as she had six strikeouts in the four innings. The entire Napanee team accorded their pitchers fine support. Lillian Wagar, in centre field, had the hardest catch of the day, and also did some good work on the bases. Beatrice McGuire again hit a home run, after which she was intentionally passed each time. The large crowd razzed the visiting pitcher for the walks, but it was probably good strategy, for Beatrice can certainly wallop the ball.

The crowd saw enough to convince them that the Napanee team is now playing a class of ball that will take them a long way into the Ontario play-offs, and with the pitchers working as well as they now are, they have a good chance for the Ontario title.

Tamworth—Carscallen, Milligan, Lockridge, Redden, Milligan, Whalen, Milligan, Lott Hanna.

Napanee—Whitton, Douglas, Stinson, McGuire, Wagar, O'Neill, Dickson, Douglas, Johnston, and Blackadder.

Tamworth 0 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0— 6
Leafs........ 4 3 1 0 0 4 1 2 x—12

Lockridge and Redden.
Johnston, Douglas, Wagar and Stinson.

The girls will be out selling tickets for their play-off game all week. As their expenses will now be running high, with their long trips for final games, they appeal to the lovers of sport in the town to help them out as much as they can. It takes 25 paid admissions to pay the way of each player to Toronto, and there are many other expenses in connection.

VOTERS' LIST, 1927.

Municipality of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Section 9 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, the copies required by said Section to be so transmitted or delivered of the List pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office at Selby on the thirteenth day of August, 1927, and remains there for inspection. And I hereby call on all persons to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

H. A. WOOD,
Clerk of the Township of Richmond.

Dated at Selby, this 22nd day of August, 1927.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Considerable excitement was occasioned in the village on Saturday evening last when a car driven by Edward Fitchett crashed into one driven by Earl Trumpour. Trumpour turned his car directly in the path of Fitchett, who was travelling too rapidly to stop in time to avoid a collision. Both cars were badly damaged, but fortunately the occupants were unhurt.

Rev. Osborn, of Akron, Ohio, preached in the United Church here on Sunday morning last. Despite his advanced age he retains his keen interest in current events and presents his message with the vigor of a much younger man.

Mr. John Murduff is visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hawley, of Fort Erie, Mrs. R. Hawley and Miss D. Hawley of St. Catherines, are guests of Mrs. G. A. Smith.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Membrey, of Winterhaven, Florida, are renewing acquaintances here.

ERINSVILLE.

On Monday morning, August 22nd, there was solemnized at the Church of the Assumption by the Rev. Father O'Hanlan, the marriage of Miss Helen McGrath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McGrath, and Mr. Bernard Toupah, of Chippewa. The bride wore a pretty gown of pink georgette, while the bridesmaid, Miss Veronica McGrath, wore orchid georgette. The groomsman was Mr. Michael Kidd.

The grain crops through this section are unusually heavy and farmers are putting forth every effort to harvest it while the weather continues dry.

The different boarding houses and cottages continue to be filled with tourists and fishing is excellent. One of the guests at Chas. O'Neill's landed a pike weighing twenty-five pounds. It measured eighteen inches girth and forty-four inches length. Mr. J. J. Shea, of New York, and W. J. Hopkins also got a nice catch, landing an eight-pound pickerel.

The annual picnic will be held this year on the 31st inst. and promises to be a monster affair. An important item on the sports list is a tug-of-war, which will be contested by four teams and for which a very substantial prize is offered.

WILTON.

A number from this vicinity attended the Napanee Fair and report a good show.

Mr. Orton Babcock and son, Gordon, have returned to Toronto after visiting Mrs. Clarence Babcock.

Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Etta Lapum and her daughter, Mrs. Pordo, Watertown, who were calling on a number of their friends.

Mr. Arthur Endsor and Mr. Reuben Hollindale, of Watertown, are visiting in the vicinity.

Rev. Hoare, of Newburgh, preached in the United Church on Sunday last in the absence of Rev. McQuade.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Babcock motored to Toronto this week to attend the exhibition.

A number from here attended the ball game in Odessa on Thursday, between Odessa and Sydenham.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Simmons and Mr. W. B. Storms attended the Napanee Fair on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Simmons; Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Moffett, Mrs. S. Shibley, Mr. W. B. Storms were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Marshall, Kingston, on Thursday evening last, the occasion being a farewell party in honor of Mrs. Rythera, Peace River, a sister of Mrs. Marshall.

A poultry demonstration, under the management of a government expert and Mr. Laughland, of Napanee, will be held at the home of Mrs. Charles Conners on Thursday afternoon, September 1. Everyone interested is welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doney, of McLeod, Alberta, were callers in the village on Monday evening.

Glass!
Window glass, single and double thickness, also Automobile glass, cut to fit your car.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ODESSA.

The Lennox and Addington League trophy won by the Odessa Baseball team is now on exhibition in the Royal Bank window.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tonik left on Saturday for a few weeks motor trip, visiting their daughters in Rochester, and on their return home to visit Toronto Exhibition.

Masters Harold and Glen Chrisley, who have been visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henzy, have returned to their home in Toronto.

J. L. Swift and Fred Hodge spent Sunday last at the former's home in Cobourg.

Mrs. Orange Babcock has returned from spending a few days the guest of Miss Nesbitt, Cornwall.

Miss Jones, who has been the guest of Mrs. James McConnell, has returned to her home in Ottawa.

Mrs. Sidmer Bird and daughter, of Belleville, were recent guests of Fred Eaton and othr relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. G. Ettinger and daughter, Bessie, of Kingston, are spending a few days with the former's mother, Mrs. George Watts. Mr. Ettinger was also a week-end guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Lesle Gibson, of Lyn, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamm.

George McDonald, of Kingston, and daughter, Mrs. McNulty of Toronto, spent Sunday with the former's brothers and sisters.

David Stitt, Ilion, N.Y., was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Kinny. Mr. Stitt visited the home of his childhood and met a number of his boyhood friends. He moved from here nearly forty years ago.

Mrs. John Graham, Watertown, accompanied by her mother, who has been visiting her for some time, are spending a short time at the latter's home. Mrs. Frank Morrison, Toronto, is also with them.

Miss Gladys Topliff, who has been holidaying at her father's, W. E. Topliff, left Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Robt Stevenson, Kingston, before returning to her school in Pickering.

The annual Sunday school picnic was held Tuesday of last week in Jos. Lawlor's grove.

CAMDEN EAST.

The recent showers have been very beneficial to the gardens.

F. W. Walker is the proud possessor of a four months old White Leghorn pullet, which has already presented him with several eggs.

The Orange Hall has ben improvd by painting.

Skinner's General Store has also received a coat of paint.

The Women's Institute held a very interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. George Black on Thursday vening of last week. There was a good attendance of members and visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tipson have returned home after a two week's holiday with relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. W. Edgar has returned home from Brighton. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Alvin Perry and granddaughter, Miss Bessie, who are spending a short holiday here.

James Skinner has installed a new White Rose gasoline pump.

Miss Jessie Saul is in Kingston General Hospital, where she has undergone a successful operation. Her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanvolkenburg, residents of fifty years ago, were callers in town last week.

Mrs. Wm. Caigh, of Pictn, and her son, John McCaul, of Rochester, N.Y., former residents, were renewing old acquaintances on Tuesday last.

Portland Cement.
Cement, lime and plaster.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DESERONTO.

Miss Helen Naphin, of Kingston is spending her vacation with her parents.

Mr. H. D. Rothwell, of Toronto, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Vandervoort

Miss Alice Flood left for Erinsville after spending the week with Mrs. Marrigan.

Mr. J. J. Dunn is a patient in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, where he underwent an operation.

Mrs. Porter and daughters, Dorothy and June, have returned to Welland after spending the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Vandervoort.

Mrs. Rothwell and daughter, Marian, have returned to Toronto, after spending the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Vandervoort.

Misses Mary and Grace Normile have returned to Toronto, after spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Normile.

Miss McMann, of Sydenham, was in town on Friday.

Miss Emma St. Louis is spending the week-end in Toronto.

Miss Vivian Oliver is visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss Catherine Edwards has returned to Toronto after spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Leo Therrein.

Mr. Edward Roach is attending Toronto Exhibition.

SIMPLE.

The doctor on his round of golf was crossing the field with his small negro caddie, when the latter opened the conversation with: "Doctor, ain't you got some shoes up yonder in yo' locker you don't want? I needs some bad."

"Maybe so," said the doctor. "What size do you wear?"

"I dunno, sah, 'cause I ain't never bought none dat-er-way—I either kin git in 'em, or I can't."
—Exchange.

LENNOX FAIR

LARGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

The officers and directors of the Lennox Fair in their advertising promised their patrons a larger and better fair and they carried out their part of the programme to the letter. This year's fair undoubtedly out-classed all preceeding fairs in the excellence of the exhibits and the high class entertainment provided each day and evening of the fair. Amusements too, were liberally provided and all visitors were invited to enjoy themselves.

The officers for the present year are:

President—Roy Armstrong.
Vice-President—Robt. Merritt.
2nd Vice-President—W. Cranston.
Secretary—J. L. Boyes.
Treasurer—T. B. Wallace.
In charge of Palace—T. B. Wallace.

Directors—G. W. Gibbard, W. H. Boyle, E. J Roy, George Switzer, E. H. Sills, J. S. Johnson, J. Laughland, C. W. Hambly, Ed. Kaylor, C. A. Walters, T. B. Wallace, Frank Smith, W. H. Hunter, P. U. Finnegan, Capt. Hughson, F. D. Marsh, Arthur Rook, H. Shannon, F. H. Henderson, Ross Card, Russell Long, M. P. Graham, W. J. Doller, J. W. Robinson.

Hon. Directors—John Hubbs, M.P., H. Daly, W. S. Herrington, K.C., J. G. Daly.

Hon Lady Directors—Mrs. Geo. Switzer, Mrs. F. Henderson, Mrs. H. Shannon, Miss A. Thompson, Mrs. W. A. Daly, Mrs. (Dr) Galbraith, Mrs J. L. Boyes, Mrs. C. F. Maybee, Mrs. J. W. Robinson, Miss F. Johnston.

The following are the directors in charge of the various branches.

Horses—E. H. Sills, C. W. Hambly, F. H. Henderson, J. Laughland, J. S. Johnson.
Holstein Cattle—George Switzer, Roy Armstrong, J. S. Johnson, R. Long, J. Laughland.
Ayrshire Cattle—George Switzer, R. Parks, W. H. Hunter.
Jersey Cattle—J. S. Johnson, W. H. Hunter, R. Parks, R. Long.
Shorthorn Cattle—J. S. Johnson, W. H. Hunter, R. Parks, R. Long.
Hereford Cattle—Geo. Switzer, R. Parks, W. H. Hunter.
Grade Cattle—J. S. Johnson, R. Parks, W. H. Hunter, R. Long.
Swine—G. Switzer, Roy Armstrong, J. Laughland.
Sheep—W. H. Hunter, R. Long, F. Kaylor.
Grain and Vegetables—W. H. Hunter, F. Smith, Ross Card.
Dairy Products—W. H. Hunter, E. H. Sills, F. Smith.
Fruits—W. H. Boyle, T. B. Wallace.
Ladies' Work—Hon. Lady Directors, T. B. Wallace and Bertram Hawley.
Arts and Crafts—T. B. Wallace and Bertram Hawley.
Poultry—A. Rook, Capt. Hughson, H. S. Shannon, J. Laughland.

For several weeks before the Fair opened workmen were busy at the grounds getting everything in shape.

The entries in all classes were more numerous than ever before, which shows that Napanee Fair is making solid, substantial growth.

Good weather prevailed during the four days, though the Tuesday evening programme in front of the Grand Stand had to be cancelled on account of the rain. The baby show and a programme were given however in the Palace.

TUESDAY.

THE HORSE RACES.

2.17 Class—Purse $250.00.
Mile Heats, 3 in 5.

Peter Direct, W. Dumart Kitchener, Ont.	6	1	1	1
Dr. Hal, Thos. Kain, New Hamburg	1	2	2	3
Minnie Patchen, C. Bennett, Port Hope	3	7	6	2
Belle Mahone, J. Akey, Peterboro'	2	5	7	6

Also started:—Minnie Hall, Directum Murphy, Fred Patch, P. Direct, Just Jack.

Best Time—2.14¼.

2.50 Class—Purse $250.00.

Eleanor May, J. Akey, Peterboro	[illegible]	1	1
Adolph the Great, M. Wemp, Stella	4	2	2
Dr. Byron, B. Payne, Peterboro'	2	7	3
Margaret Penalty, C. Randall, Napanee	3	4	6

Also started:—Peter Clay, Sam Aubrey, Philip Ha Ha, T. J. D., Five Points, Bobbie Patch, Riverside Hal, Peter Wonder.

Best time 2.21¼.

The second day drew an exceptionally large crowd and with ideal weather the outing was thoroughly enjoyed. The horse races were a feature of the programme, though the softball and baseball games drew a large number of fans in that direction.

The baseball game between Napanee and Circle Six of Kingston, was won by Circle Six, score 9-2.

An interesting part of the programme also was the jujdging of horses in front of the Grand Stand.

HORSE RACES—WEDNESDAY

2.13 Class—Purse $300.00.

Jack Abbie, J. Akey, Peterboro	1	1	1
Hal Pointer, M. Balfe, Iroquois	2	2	2
Hal Boy, Thos. Kain, New Hamburg	3	3	3
C. Direct, Dr. Clark, Iroquois	4	4	4

Best time—2.13¼.

2.25 Class—Purse $250.00.

Fred Medium, D. Herring- Picton	1	1	1
Doris Patch, J. Sutherland Peterboro'	2	2	3
Valley Todd, Storey & Quinlan, Peterboro'	4	4	2
Birdie Hal, T. J. Devlin, Perth	3	3	5

Also started—Nancy Armidale, Private Scott and Pauline.

Best time—2.17¼.

THURSDAY'S RACES.

2.40 Class.

Eleanor May, J. Akey, Peterboro'	2	1	1	1
Private Scott, H. Fields, Hamilton	1	7	6	6
Peter Wonder, R. Harrington, Picton	5	2	2	3
Dr. Byron, B. Payne, Bloomfield	6	3	8	2

Margaret Penalty, Golden Age, T. J. D., Kathleen Parlow also started.

Best time—2.16¼.

2.20 Class.

Peter Direct, C. Chapman, Toronto	1	1	2	1
Victoria Patch, T. Slater, Cressy	3	4	1	4
Minnie Patchen, L. Bennett, Port Hope	2	3	4	2
Just Jack, H. Elmhurst, Peterboro'	4	2	3	3

High Gear and Fred Patch also started.

Best time—2.14¼.

FRIDAY'S RACES.

Classified Race No. 1.

Nancy Armidale, R. Gibbs, Kingston	5	2	1	1	1
Clara McKinney, H. Field, Hamilton	1	1	3	4	2
Reta Clay, D. Driscoll, Iroquois		4	6	2	2
Philip Ha Ha, I. Walters, Port Hope		2	3	5	5
Pauline, B. McKane, Kingston		3	4	4	3
MacDale, J. Fenwick, Kingston		5	5	6	6

Best time—2.15¾.

Classified Race No. 2.

Doris Patch, J. Sutherland, Peterboro	2	1	1	1
Birdie Hal, T. J. Devlin, Perth	3	2	2	2
High Gear, D. Driscoll, Iroquois	4	3	3	3
Bell Mahone, J. Akey, Peterboro			1	dr

Best time—2.19¼.

Free-For-All.

Jack Abbie, J. Akey, Peterboro'	1	1	1
Hal Boy, T. Kane, Newmarket	2	2	2
June Custer, C. Chapman, Toronto	3	3	3
C. Dorech, Dr. Clarke, Iroquois	4	4	4

Best time—2.13¼.

From the opinion of many of the devotees of this sport, the races on all four days were among the best ever held on the local track which was in first class condition.

The baseball game on Friday, between Point Anne and Kingston Victorias, drew a good crowd, who witnessed a good game. The score was: Victorias 6; Point Anne 18.

The poultry exhibit at the Fair this year was splendid. There were many more exhibits and of finer quality than ever before, over 400 birds being shown.

Exhibits of horses and cattle in the stock barn were well worth looking at and are creditable to the men who raise such fine animals in this county, justly noted for fine dairy stock and good horses. The principal exhibits in cattle were Holsteins, Jerseys, and Shorthorns shown by Christie Thompson, Sharp's Corners; R. Merritt, Sillsville, and W. Cranston, Sillsville.

There was a good showing of light and heavy horses.

The exhibits of sheep and pigs were very good this year.

The large tent containing the motor car exhibit drew a constant stream of visitors interested in looking over the latest models of the various cars exhibited.

The evening entertainments in front of the Grand Stand were patronized liberally, the grand stand being filled to capacity each evening. The programmes by "Ye Olde Tyme Concert Co.," were listened to with attention and generously applauded. The Highlanders' band of Cobourg are favourites with the patrons of Lennox Fair and their music and lady dancers were as highly appreciated as in former years.

The displays of fireworks are also a highly appreciated finish to the evening programmes.

LIVE STOCK JUDGING COMPETITION.

Dr. Stratton Silver Cup.

1st — Ernesttown — Harold Brown, William Ball, Ford Denyes, 794½ points.

2nd — Richmond — Clayton Woodcock, Gerald Walker, Allan Vandebogart, 728 points.

3rd—North Fredericksburgh—Glynn Chambers, Ford, Long, Harold Preslar, 677 points.

Horses.

1st, Clayton Woodcock; 2nd, Gerald Walker; 3rd, Ford Long; 4th, Allan Vandebogart.

Beef Cattle.

1st, Arthur McLaughlin; 2nd, Harold Brown; 3rd, Arthur Simmons; 4th, Erwell Huff.

Dairy Cattle.

1st, L. H. McCaul; 2nd, Milo Jackson; 3rd, A. C. Davis.

(Continued on page 4.)

COMING :-: EVENTS

BE SURE AND READ McINTOSH Bros. advertisement on page 3 of this issue. It will be of interest to you. 40-a

SOFTBALL PLAYOFFS for Eastern Ontario Championship—Kingston Treasures vs. Napanee Leafs Wednesday Aug. 31st 5.30 p.m. 39-a *for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET

See THE GREATEST Value IN CHEVROLET HISTORY

QUALITY has always come first with Chevrolet. And never before has the Chevrolet insistence upon quality been so strikingly exemplified as now!

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

Sunday, Sept. 4.—iKngs 3 : 4-15.

Golden Text—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. (Prov. 3 : 13).

It was when he had gone to sacrifice to God that the greatest blessing of his life came to Solomon. He was making an offering to God, but God had a greater gift for him.

Children often ask one another what they would choose if they could have one wish come true. Many a fairy story has been told with that as a start : it does not often happen in real life. But it did happen to Solomon. "The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night ; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee."

The time of our greatest opportunity may be the time of our greatest crisis. It is a perilous thing to be offered whatever we may choose. Many a man has had practically that opportunity in temporal things ; his abilities have been such that he could choose about what he pleased ; and the choice has often been fatal. Was God running a grave risk when He made such an offer to Solomon ?

God knows all things, and we may be quite sure that He would not make this offer without knowing the sort of choice that was likely to follow. This knowledge, however, did not interfere with Solomon's free will, and the choice gives us insight into the remarkable character of this Monarch at this time.

Solomon talks with God about his father David and himself. David had been a great King, and Solomon had had a great accession as sovereign, with doubtless abundant evidence of his own exceptional ability. But little comes from his lips concerning any greatness in either his father or himself. There is one greatness that Solomon talks about, and that is the greatness of God. He begins with the words, "Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant David my father great mercy."

He speaks of God's "great kindness" in having given David "a son to sit on his throne." It is not David, nor Solomon, but God who has "made Thy servant King instead of David my father." Then comes the heart of Solomon's attitude, as he says ; "and I am but a little child ; I know not how to go out or come in." In his confessed helplessness, his one request to God is "an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad ; for who is able to judge this Thy so great a people?"

It is interesting to note that the Hebrew for the word "understanding" is "hearing." Solomon asked for "a hearing heart." Plainly he meant a heart that would continually listen to God, hearing God's words, God's guidance, God's will. When we remember that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. 10 : 17), Solomon was asking the best that could be asked.

What a wonderful thing it is when God unconditionally commends the action of a man ! Over and over again, throughout the Word, we find that He does. He is eager and quick to commend ; He longs to have us do the things that H can commend. "The speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing." If we abide in Christ, letting Him and His Word abide in us, He says, "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15 : 7).

And now God names to Solomon the things that a man in his position with this offer before him might have been expected to ask : Long life, riches, the life of his enemies. And God tells Solomon that because he has asked none of these, but "an understanding heart," therefore the request will be granted, with a surprise in addition. The things he did not ask will also be given to him.

There is a surprising tense of the verb that God uses in telling Solomon of His answer. "Behold I have done according to thy words; lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart ; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee, and I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked." We might have expected God to say : "I will give thee" these things. He says: "I have given thee" these things.

It is the principle in prayer that comes out in the New Testament: "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us : and........ we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him" (I. John, 5 : 14-15).

Two of these additional blessings from God were given unconditionally. Riches and honor were one. There should be no Kings like Solomon all his days—this meant victory over his enemies. But long life was conditional : "And if thou wilt walk in My ways, to keep My statutes and My commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days." It has always been true that physical longevity is largely determined by righteous living.

Why was "a wise and an understanding heart" so well pleasing to God, and the greatest thing Solomon could have asked ? Why is the Golden Text really Golden ? The Bible gives us the answer. Over and over again, throughout the Scriptures, wisdom is identified with Christ and God. There is no true wisdom apart from God, and man cannot know God except through Christ. So this prayer of Solomon was not merely for intellectual knowledge or good judgment. It was for faith and life, salvation itself and the life more abundant.

Job spoke the truth when he said : "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding" (Job 28 :28). But no man can depart from evil except by faith in Christ and the new life from above.

"There is no wisdom....against the Lord" (Prov. 21:30)—no theory of science that contradicts the Word of God is wisdom, it is foolishness. "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world ? For........the world by (its) wisdom knew not God" (I. Cor. 1 : 20, 21).

Suppose God offered us what He offered Solomon, to choose anything we will ? But He does just that. To all whose heart has been given to Him, as Solomon's was, God gives all things. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ?" (Rom. 8 : 32).

Can we, therefore, have Solomon's wisdom ? In the most vital of all things, yes. For "of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom" (I. Cor. 1:30).

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

44tf

CANADIAN GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION

The views of Hon. Geo. S. Henry, Minister of Highways in Ontario, differ to some extent from those of his brother minister in Quebec in matters pertaining to the control of motor traffic. Mr. Henry maintains that publicity and education will make the highways safer than any drastic legal enactments. His methods of attaining his objective in the matter of safety have attractd considrable attention, and as he is also President of the Canadian Good Roads Association, it is certain that various methods of traffic control will be the subject of discussion when the Association holds its annual meeting at Niagara Falls on September 27, 28 and 29 next.

WARNING AGAINST LOAFING

Only a few days ago Mr. Henry had an advertisement printed in many Ontario papers calling attention to seven rules for safety. Among these rules appeared for the first tim a warning to motorists not to loaf on the main highways. Such a warning is the result of many complaints that notoriously slow drivers have been holding up long lines of traffic. In turn, such slow moving traffic lines have started the dangerous cutting in practice. Mr. Henry advises motorists who are merely out for a pleasure drive that if they desire to move slowly they should use county and township roads where the traffic is light. The whole idea is to avoid congestion on the main provincial highways and keep traffic on them moving steadily and at a pace which will not tempt the "cutter-in." No attempt is made by the Minister to define a loafing speed, but on Ontario's main highways anything under fifteen miles an hour may be safely classified as loafing.

Another point in this advertisement which has attracted much attention is the advice to drivers to let cars pass them if the attempt is made. In Ontario it is illegal to race with a car when overtaken. As a matter of fact, the law distinctly states that the driver overtaken must pull over to the right and allow the scond car to pass.

BECOME "TRAFFIC CONSCIOUS."

Officials of the Canadian Good Roads Association agree with the Ontario Minister that all car drivers must become "traffic conscious." That is, they must realize that the question of the safety of the highways, in the final analysis, is altogether in their own hands. In Canada today there are approximately 7,000 miles of paved roads and 48,000 miles of good gravel roads, so that it is manifestly impossible to keep a constant police patrol to have every motorist checked up.

"I doubt very much if we can make the highways safe solely by the enforcement of laws and regulations," stated Wm. Findlay, of Toronto, a member of the Executive Committee of the Good Roads Association. "We now have no end of regulations when you take into consideration those of al lnine provinces. To my mind the best method of accomplishing the end in view is by constant education. We must create a 'traffic consciousness' in the mind of all drivers. By that I mean simply the unremitting use of common sense and courtesy. If all drivers used only common sense and ordinary courtesy, the accidents on our highways would at once be reduced to a minimum."

At the Good Roads Association meeting, ways and means are to be discussed about inculcating a greater measure of "traffic consciousness." It is now recognized that this is the great problem with whic hto deal. The day is passed when it is ncessary to educate the public as to the advantages of good roads. It is a matter of educating the public on how to use good roads sanely, safely and wisely, now that they have them.

BREEDING SILKWORMS IN INDIA.

Authorities Have Devoted Considerable Money on Its Development.

The silk industry of India is one full of interest, and in the Mysore State, during recent years, the authorities have devoted considerable sums of money on its development.

In some districts there has always been a certain amount of work done, but it was not organized on lines which would enable the dealers to compete in other markets. In order to encourage the development of the industry the Government, have set apart a number of officers, with special training, to give assistance wherever suitable lands can be found, mulberry cultivation, and the villagers carry on the work of rearing silkworms, in their houses. In order to prevent disease the authorities take special precautions, and though batches of defective worms are still produced, on the whole there has been remarkable progress in this direction.

After the hatching of the eggs, the tiny worms have to be fed regularly, several times a day on the mulberry leaves, which are cut into tiny pieces. Gradually they increase in size, and the thousands living on the round open trays, make havoc, in a very short time, of the abundance of leaves placed on the trays.

After some experience in the work, the one responsible is able to say, by the color of the worm, when they have reached the stage at which they shall be given an opportunity of spinning. The worms are removed, one by one, and placed on a frame, and the worms attach themselves to one of the twigs. Then the spinning begins, and soon the worm is enveloped in the cocoon spun by itself. When the process is completed the cocoons are removed, and the work of unwinding begins.

Calgary's Population.

According to Henderson's City Directory for 1927, the population of Calgary, Alberta, is 81,800, or an increase of 3,900 over the year before.

Height of a Human Figure.

The height of a correctly-proportioned human figure is six times the length of the right foot.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

A meetin gof much interest was held in Kingston on Wednesday, August 24th, at which the representatives of the districts of the Women's Institutes of Lennox and Addington, Amherst Island, Frontenac, North and South Leeds and Brockville were present. Mr. G. A. Putman, Toronto, superintendent of Women's Institutes for the Ontario Government, was in the chair and a subdivision of the Institutes of Eastern Ontario, which included the districts mentioned, was formed. It was decided to hold a convention in Kingston on November 1st and 2nd. Much interest is being shown in the new idea. It is felt that these smaller meetings, which in no way will interfere with the annual Eastern Ontario convention held at Ottawa, to which all branches can send delegates, will bring the women of the several districts of the locality together in a more intimate way and that many subjects of interest can be discussed. Every member of the W. I. in the district will be welcomed and other women, not belonging to the society, can come and see for themselves what the 33,000 women of Ontario, who are members of the Women's Institute, are doing to live up to their motto "For Home and Country." The committee elected was as follows : Chairman, Mrs. A. W. Sirett ; vice-chairman, Mrs. C. C. Abbott ; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. G. W. McNaughton, Frontenac ; Mrs. J. E. Mabee, Odessa, Mrs. Fred Ham, Addington, Mrs. Brazee, Lyndhurst and Mrs. J. M. Young, Seeley's Bay.

Lucinda had the pleasure of visiting the Napanee Fair last week and wants to congratulate the dirctors on its attractions. Th neat, clean grounds and the effective decorations of red and white in the building are deserving of notice. The flower and fruit display, the cooking and women's work wer most intrsting and it was asy to see from the happy crowds, the success the fair undoubtedly was.

AN HISTORIC RING.

Queen Elizabeth Gave It to Her Favorite, the Earl of Essex.

According to a recent despatch from London, the famous ring presented to the Earl of Essex by Queen Elizabeth has been sold for £516. There is a tragic piece of history associated with the ring. The Earl of Essex was the handsomest and most favored courties at the court of "Good Queen Bess." Though only a youth of 22 when he took his place at court, he was soon chief favorite with the Queen, despite the disparity of their ages, Elizabeth at that time being almost 60 years of age. The favor of Kings and Queens of those days, however, was dangerous, and proved so for Essex.

He incurred the enmity of many distinguished men at court, including Sir Walter Raleigh, while his own high spirit made the strain of constantly dancing attendance on Elizabeth particularly irksome.

In the year 1600 Essex was imprisoned for acting in various ways in opposition to the commands of the Queen, but through the intercession of Sir Francis Bacon he was soon liberated, though prevented from returning to court. In 1601 he attempted to incite a revolution on his own behalf, which proved abortive, and drew no greater following than some three hundred people. After a trial he was condemned to death.

From his prison cell Essex sent the ring that had been given him by Elizabeth in the heyday of his favor back to its regal donor. Had the ring reached the Queen there is little doubt that his life would have been spared, in fulfilment of the royal pledge. But his enemies anticipated some such attempt on his part to reach the Queen's ear, and the bearer of the ring was intercepted and the ring stolen. On Feb. 25, 1601, Essex was hanged. The ring bears the portrait of Elizabeth, and is a romantic, if tragic, link between the present and the past.

The ring will be placed in a special casket on the Queen's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

A STONE TEMPLE CAR.

One of the Few Things Left by Invaders of Sixteenth Century.

When the Mohammedans invaded the kingdom of Vijayanagar in the sixteenth century, they wrought tremendous havoc on all the great buildings of that great city, says a writer in a Calcutta paper. To-day, as one rambles over it, there is hardly to be seen a structure that does not show evidence of the iconoclastic proclivities of the invaders.

It is interesting to note that one of the unique structures among the ruins, a temple car made of stone, has apparently been untouched. This is the more striking as the temple, in the courtyard of which the car stands, has been terribly treated, some of the finest carving in the whole city being broken and shattered out of all shape. This car is to be found in the vicinity of the Vitthalaswami Temple, not far from the river.

At first appearance one is inclined to think the car has been carved out of a solid block of stone, but a closer examination shows this is not so. The joints between the various parts are wonderfully well done, and unless one looks at the structure carefully, it is not surprising the impression of solidity should be given. The Pilgrims who visit the place believe that they obtain merit by turning round the wheels which are also made of stone. As a result of this devotion, the axle has become very much worn. Two elephants of stone stand in front of the car.

Racehorses In Luxury.

Asterus, a famous French racehorse, is an inmate of a superluxurious racing stable belonging to Mr. Robert Denman at Maisons-Lafitte, where the inmates are treated like spoiled children.

The stable has specially constructed quarters fitted with the most modern contrivances. Seven cows supply the milk which is consumed as part of their diet by 50 happy thoroughbreds. Powdered sugar of the highest grade is mixed with their oats and corn. Quantities of cod liver oil are provided for those horses whose constitution requires such treatment.

Here and There

Air mail service between Winnipeg and Fargo, North Dakota, has been inaugurated and the first mail for Winnipeg from the United States arrived recently.

The potato acreage along the Dominion Atlantic Railway line is larger than last year and a 40 per cent. crop increase is looked for. There will likely be 175,000 barrels available for export, as compared with 132,000 last year.

British Columbia's farms produced $71,362,209 last year; breaking all records and gaining $6,208,696 over the previous year, according to the final figures of the Provincial Statistician, G. H. Stewart. Lumbering leads with agriculture second.

A new world record is set—300 white Leghorn baby chicks arrived from the University of British Columbia at Ottawa through the Canadian Pacific Express Company, safe, sound, and hungry, all of them. None had feed or water on their 3,000 mile journey and none died or suffered.

A Barred Plymouth Rock, owned by the University of Saskatchewan, has established a new record for the three Prairie Provinces, laying her 300th egg in her pullet year of which there is still a month to go. The world's record for trap-nested production is held by No. 6, an Agassiz, B.C. pullet, which laid 351 eggs in 364 days.

Members of the newly-appointed Saint John Board of Harbor Commissioners, headed by Hon. W. E. Foster, recently concluded a conference with Canadian Pacific officials of Montreal in connection with the proposed improvements in the grain shipping facilities of the port. The chief object of the new commission, according to Mr. Foster, is the creating of a national idea of an All-Canadian trade route through the Port of Saint John.

Scots in Canada are looking forward with keen interest to the coming Highland Gathering and Festival of Scottish music to be held at Banff September 3 to 5, the activities taking place on the grounds adjoining the Banff Springs Hotel. Through the generosity of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials this festival has been made possible and is along the line of the Canadian Folk Song Festival held at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, in May which was voted such an outstanding success.

The United States' interest in the development of the locomotive in Canada is seen in a request by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to the Canadian Pacific Railway to send one of its latest passenger types of engine to the centenary exhibit of locomotives, which will open at Baltimore on September 24th. The Canadian Pacific has arranged to supply one of its latest types of the "2300" class locomotives, complete with crew, for the occasion. This is the company's fastest and most powerful passenger locomotive.

One of the strangest attempts at taking a census is now being made by Andrew Widsden of Bella Coola, B.C., according to information received here. At the request of Harlan I. Smith of the National Museum of Canada, Mr. Widsden is taking a census of the grizzly bear population of some eleven valleys along the fiords which are included in the "Norway of America" traversed on the steamship journey between Prince Rupert and Vancouver. The coast line between these two ports is a noted big game hunting spot and attracts many grizzly hunters each year from all sections of the continent as well as from other parts of the world.

DAMAGE FROM RUST.

Yearly Loss Is Estimated at Four Billion Dollars.

If you want to make a fortune in a month, invent something that under all conditions will eliminate rust, and be as effective for a girder or a boiler as for a knife blade. You'll have nature against you, but you might win.

The yearly loss through the ravages of rust in the world is estimated at $4,000,000,000. The cost of labor and material—preventive paint, and so on—is estimated at about $400,000,000. What the loss of life has been through rust—the collapse of structures and so on—is unknown, but it must be very large.

Some time ago the chairman of a company, in explaining why such a large sum had been put aside to allow for depreciation of buildings and material, said that rust was responsible.

In a house rust takes a fairly big toll, too. Nails rust in woodwork; railings rust away; slate nails rust off and the slates fall; fire grates rust; window catches rust. An architect stated recently that a wise man, owning a house, would be well advised to build up a special reserve fund of one per cent.—$50 yearly on a $5,000 house—to meet renewals made necessary by rust.

The rolling stock of a railway—cars especially—pay a heavy rust toll. The amount is estimated by an engineer as equal to a tax of $900 per track mile every year. That includes all renewals—signal rods, bolts, rails — due to rust and not ordinary use. The problem for inventors is to put something into the metal which will not reduce the strength or increase its cost to a point that would make the process too costly. To pay, say, $5,000 to stop a rust-toll of $3,500 would not do. And that's the trouble.

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The Express Printing House,
Napanee.

Canadian National Running Trophy

As a means of fostering interest in middle distance running in Canada, the Canadian National Railways Recreation League has presented to the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada the above handsome bronze statuette and medals. The trophy is a handsome bronze statuette, on a base of native Canadian wood. It is a perpetual award and will be held for one year by the winner of the one-mile race at the Dominion Championship meet at Toronto, Saturday, August 2nd. The runners who are first, second and third will receive gold, silver and bronze medals respectively. The presentation of the trophy and medals was made to the A.A.U. of C. on behalf of Canadian National officers and employees who are members of the Canadian National Recreation League of which Sir Henry W. Thornton is Patron and A. J. Hills, President. The League is representative of Canadian National sports activities from Coast to Coast in Canada.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUGAR

Its History Goes a Very Long Way Back.

Just because sugar is an everyday thing—also one of our most important foods—few of us realize what a very long way back its history goes, or that there can be any romance attached to such an ordinary article of food.

From whence it came no man really knows, except that, like everything else, it came to us from the East. We hear of its use in China long before our era, though ancient writers speak of it as "the sugar of India," which makes one think it originated in that vast country. The name, however, is said to be derived from the Persian "Sakhar," which is curiously like the modern Spanish.

To trace its eventful career takes us from country to country, from continent to continent, from century to century, and many were the deeds of derring-do performed in the old days by maritime traders anxious to secure this coveted luxury for their country.

In the eighth century the Moors introduced sugar canes into Spain, and five centuries later sugar was introduced to Cyprus and Sicily. Then it was that Venice, realizing the source of wealth it could become, centred all her energies upon becoming the chief market for that wonderful product. So sugar became a link—a trade link—between nations that had previously been unaware of each other's existence, and between Asia and Europe there grew and flourished a prosperous commercial bond.

Then came the Crusades, and gallant warriors returned to their native land loud in the praises of the wonderful sweetening element of the East, and England sought to obtain large supplies to meet her own needs.

Early in the fifteenth century a Venetian invented a better method of refining sugar than was then known. But gradually other countries resented the exorbitant charges exacted by Venice, and began to look around for means of establishing their independence of the one source of their supplies.

The King of Portugal had cuttings of the canes sent from Sicily to Madeira, where the industry grew and prospered for two centuries, becoming in time the chief source of European supply, while London superseded Venice as the chief market centre—at least, of the Western world.

Then followed the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus and the founding of the great sugar industry of those islands.

The securing of sugar called for bravery. It meant peril and high adventure for the seekers; but it also meant the blood and tears of black slaves shipped from Africa to toil in the cause of sugar production. And not only black slaves, for thousands of survivors of the Battle of Worcester and the Monmouth rebellion, and hundreds of British political prisoners were transported to the West Indies to take their place among the oppressed.

During the eighteenth century England, France, Holland and Spain all wrestled for the control of the world's sugar supplies, while in the United States its cultivation went on apace, says the writer of the foregoing in the Weekly Post, Birmingham.

Harvesting Glauber Salts.

About 2,000 tons of glauber salts have been harvested from White Shore Lake, Saskatchewan, in the course of the winter and early spring. No machinery or plant of any kind is in use so far. During the warm weather the mineral becomes dissolved from the rock beneath the lake and as the water temperature falls below 30 degrees the salts become crystallized on the surface and collected by men with teams.

A Strong Man.

One man defeated ten at tug-of-war at Bath, England. He was one of the expert blacksmiths competing in the events. Among other feats he performed were: Bending thick iron bars across his jaw; twisting rails a quarter of an inch thick; driving nails into wood with his fists. The man is 44 years old, and is the youngest of eleven children

His Job.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me! That's too bad."

"Yep, she—boo-hoo—promised me I could do it."—The Detroit Free Press.

Speedy.

The ordinary blue-bottle fly moves its wings about 330 times a second. This great speed is exceeded by the bee, which vibrates its wings at nearly twice this rate. The wings of the average butterfly move nine times a second.

Peat.

Peat is actually coal in the first stage of development.

A TON OF TEA!

Orange Pekoe
Special Blend
Regular Price 70c.

Special Price:
1 lb. - .59
2 lbs. - $1.14
3 lbs. - 1.68
5 lbs. - 2.75

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(Sign of Quality)

The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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"You must think me a fool," the captain repeated. "The Duke of Guise's eldest brother is but seventeen"——

"I did not say I was legitimate."

"Oh, you did not say that? You did not know, then, that I could reel off the ages of every Lorraine of them all. No, M. de Mar, I am not so simple as you think. You will come along with me to the Bastille."

"Blockhead! I'll have you broken on the wheel for this," Lucas stormed. "I am no more Count of Mar than I am King of Spain. Speak up, you old turnspit," he shouted to Maitre Menard. "Am I he?"

Poor Maitre Menard had dropped down on his iron box, too limp and sick to know what was going on. He only stared helplessly.

"Speak, rascal," Lucas cried. "Am I Comte de Mar?"

"No," the maitre answered in low, faltering tones. He was at the last point of pain and fear. "No, monsieur officer, it is as he says. He is not the Comte de Mar."

"Who is he, then?"

"I know not," the maitre stammered. "He came here last night. But it is as he says—he is not the Comte de Mar."

"Take care, mine host," the officer returned; "you're lying."

I could not wonder at him; if I had not been in a position to know otherwise I had thought myself the maitre was lying.

"If you had spoken at first I might have believed you," the captain said, bestowing a kick on him. "Get out of here, old ass, before I cram your lie down your throat. And clear your people away from this door. I'll not walk through a mob. Send every man Jack about his business, or it will be the worse for him. And every woman Jill, too."

"M. le Capitaine," Maitre Menard quavered, rising unsteadily to his feet, "you make a mistake. On my sacred word, you mistake: this is not"——

"Get out!" cried the captain, helping him along with his boot. Maitre Menard fell rather than walked out of the door.

A gray hue came over Lucas's face. His first fright had given way to fury at perceiving himself the victim of a mistake, but now alarm was born in his eyes again. Was it, after all, a mistake? This obstinate disbelief in his assertion, this ordering away of all who could swear to his identity—was it not rather a plot for his ruin? He swallowed hard once or twice, fear gripping his throat harder than ever the dragoon's fingers had gripped mine. Certainly he was not the Comte de Mar; but then he was the man who had killed Pontou.

"If this is a plot against me, say so!" he cried. "If you have orders to arrest me, do so. But arrest me by the name of Paul de Lorraine, not Etienne de Mar."

"The name of Etienne de Mar will do," the captain returned; "we have no fancy for aliases at the Bastille."

"It is a plot,' Lucas cried.

"It is a warrant; that is all I know about it."

"But I am not Comte de Mar," Lucas repeated.

His uneasy conscience had numbed his wits. In his dread of a plot he had done little to dissipate an error. But now he pulled himself together, error or intention, he would act as if he knew it must be error.

"My captain, you have made a mistake likely to cost you your shoulder-straps. I tell you I am not Mar; the landlord, who knows him well, tells you I am not Mar. Ask those who know M. de Mar; ask these inn people. They will one and all tell you I am not he. Ask that boy there; even he dares not say to my face that I am."

His eyes met mine, and I could see that, even in the moment of challenging me, he repented. He believed that I would give the lie. But the dragoon who was bending over him, relieving him of his sword-belt, spared me the necessity.

"Captain, you need give yourself no uneasiness; this is the Comte right enough. I live in the Quartier Marais, and I have seen this gentleman a score of times riding with M. de St. Quentin."

Lucas, at this unexpected testimony, looked so taken aback that the captain burst out laughing.

"Yes, my dear monsieur, it is a little hard for M. de Mayenne's nephew—you are a nephew, are you not?—to explain how he comes to ride with the Duc de St. Quentin."

It was awkward to explain. Lucas, knowing well that there was no future for him who betrayed the Generalissimo's secrets, cried out angrily:

"He lies! I never rode out with M. de St. Quentin."

"Oh, come now. Really you waste a great deal of breath," the captain said. "I regret the cruel necessity of arresting you, M. de Mar; but there is nothing gained by blustering about it. I usually know what I am about."

"You do not know! Nom de dieu, you do not know. Felix Broux, speak up there. If you have told him behind my back that I am Etienne de Mar I defy you to say it to my face."

"I know nothing about it, messieurs." I repeated my little refrain. "Monsieur captain, remember, if you please, I never saw him till yesterday; he may be Paul de Lorraine for all I know. But he did not call himself that yesterday."

"You hell-hound!" Lucas cried.

"Go tell Louis to drive up to the cabaret door, Gaspard," bade the captain.

Lucas gazed at him as if to tear out of him the truth of the matter. I think he was still a prey to suspicion of a plot in this, and it paralyzed his tongue. He so reeked with intrigue that he smelled one wherever he went. He was much too clever to believe that this arresting officer was simply thick-witted.

"I say no more," he cried. "You may spare yourself your lies, the whole crew of you. I go as your prisoner, but I go as Paul of Lorraine, son of Henry, Duke of Guise."

He said it with a certain superbness; but the young captain, bourgeois of the bourgeois, did not mean to let himself be put down by any sprig of the noblesse.

"Certainly, if it is any comfort to you," he retorted. "But you are very dull, monsieur, not to be aware that your identity is known perfectly to others besides your lackey here and my man. I did not come to arrest you without a minute description of you from M. de Belin himself."

"Ventre bleu!" Lucas shouted. "I wrote the description. I myself lodged information against Mar. I came here to make sure you took him. Carry me before Belin; he will know me."

I trembled lest the officer could not but see that the man spoke truth. But I had no need to fear; there is a combination of stupidity and vanity which nothing can move.

"I have no orders to take you to M. de Belin," he returned calmly. "So you wrote the description, did you? Perhaps you will deny that it fits you?"

He read from the paper:

"'Charles-Andre-Etienne-Marie de St. Quentin, Comte de Mar. Age three-and-twenty; figure tall and slender; was dressed yesterday in black with a plain falling-band; carries his right arm in a sling"——

"Is my arm in a sling?" Lucas demanded.

"No, in a handcuff," the captain laughed, at the same moment that his dragoon exclaimed, "His right wrist is bandaged, though."

"That is nothing! It is a mere scratch. I did it myself last night by accident," Lucas shouted, striving with his hampered left hand to pull the folds apart to show it. But he could not, and fell silent, wide-eyed, like one who sees the net of fate drawing in about him. The captain went on reading from his little paper:

"'Fair hair, gray eyes, aquiline nose'—I suppose you will still tell us, monsieur, that you are not the man?"

"I am not he. The Comte de Mar and I are nothing alike. We are both young, tall, yes; but that is all. He is slashed all up the fore-arm; my wrist is but scratched with a knife-edge. He has yellow hair; mine is brown. His eyes"——

"It is plain to me, monsieur," the officer interrupted, "that the description fits you in every particular." And so it did.

I, who had heard M. Etienne described twenty times, had yesterday mistaken Lucas for him; the same items served for both. It was the more remarkable because they actually looked no more alike than chalk and cheese. Lucas had set down his catalogue without a thought that he was drawing his own picture. If ever hunter was caught in his own gin Lucas was!

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "You know I am not Mar. You lie, the whole pack of you!"

"Gag him, Ravelle," the captain commanded with an angry flush.

"I demand to be taken before M. de Belin!" Lucas shouted.

The next moment the soldier had twisted a handkerchief about his mouth.

"Ready?" the captain asked of Gaspard, who had come back just in time to aid in the throttling. "Move on, then!"

He led the way out, the two dragoons following with their prisoner. And this time Lucas's fertile wits failed him. He did not slip from his captors' fingers between the room and the street. He was deposited in the big black coach that had aroused my wonder. Louis cracked his whip and off they rumbled.

(Continued on page 5).

I could only pant and choke!

Talking Machine Given Away!

(Nifty Nirona)

Each and every customer purchasing over one dollar's worth of merchandise this week will receive a Coupon. On Saturday, at 9.30 p.m. the result of the draw will be announced. Watch our window for the winner.

Specials for This Week

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

LADIES' HOSE, silk to the top, in shades of Moonlight, Champayne, Oak Buff, Biscuit, Peach, White, etc. Regular $1.25..........**Special $1.00**
ASSORTED LADIES' HOSE, regular to $1.25..........**To Clear at 49c.**
CHILDREN'S HOSE (Cotton) black cotton hose, a special at 25c. **This week 19c**
LADIES' VENUS HOSE, pure thread silk, ... **$1.49**
CHILDREN'S HOSE, in colors of Black, Brown and Sand. Regular 50c. ....**To clear at 35c., or 3 pairs for $1.00**
LADIES' LISLE HOSE, an assortment of sizes and colors..........**To clear 50c.**
WHITE BLOOMER ELASTIC— ....**5 yards for 19c.**
BOYS' WOOL GOLF HOSE, all sizes, and assorted colors. Special ....**at 79c. and 89c. pair**

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

Ladies' Silken Lisle Vests..........**35c. each**
In shades of Peach, Pink, Mauve, White
Ladies' Silken Lisle Bloomers, reg. 50c., ...**To clear at 35c., or 3 for $1.00**
A few Ladies' House Dresses **to clear at $1**
Ladies' Corsettes..........**Special 95c.**
Ladies' Brasiers..........**at 39c. and 85c.**
Ladies' Corsets..........**Special $1.00**
Ladies' Rubber Aprons, regular $1.00 ....**To clear at 69c.**
Children's Bloomers..........**To clear at 19c.**
Crib Blankets, all wool:
Reg. $1.95..........**To clear at $1.59**
Reg. $1.59..........**To clear at $1.29**
Reg. $1.00..........**To clear at 79c.**

MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

Silk Hose, reg. 50c. **to clear 3 pairs for $1**
Men's Summer Underwear **50c. garment**
Men's Summer Work Shirts regular $1.00 ....**To clear at 79c.**
Boys' Bloomers, all sizes, good assortment. Reg. $1.75..........**To clear at $1.59**
All Wool, **at 25c., 29c., 35c., 3 for $1.00**
Also Heavy Sox..........**At 50c.**
A few Men's Fine Shirts....**To clear at 95c.**
Men's Crepe Ties, reg. 75c. **To clear 50c.**
Men's Knitted Ties, reg. 50c.....**Sale 39c.**
Men's Silk and Wool Hose, all best shades, all sizes..........**Sale 50c. pair**
Boys' Summer Combs....**To clear at 50c.**
We have just received a shipment of ARROW SHIRTS, which are mill clearance, and worth to $3.00, **to clear $1.95** Don't fail to see them.
Boys' All Wool Suits, in Blue, with white and red braid trim, short and long trousers. Sizes from 2 to 8 years. ....**Prices $2.49, $2.95, $3.95, $4.50**
Kiddies' Coveralls, regular $1.00 Balance to clear..........**At 50c.**
A few Bloomer Dresses **to clear at $1.00**
A large assortment Face Cloths....**At 15c.**

SPECIALS IN SUNDRIES

Cloths Baskets, **special at $1.00, $1.15 and $1.29,** all imported from Belgium.
An assortment of Granitewear, regular to 89c.,..........**To clear at 69c.**
A few pieces in Granitewear **to clear 49c.**
Milk Pans..........**15c. and 20c.**
Aluminum, assorted, reg. $1.25, heavy 99% aluminum, at........**Any piece 95c.**
Heavy Tumblers..........**5c. each**
Tea Pots..........**A real Special 50c.**
P. & G. and Pearl White Naptha Soap for this week..........**25 Bars for $1.00**
Lux..........**5 packages for 55c.**
Toilet Sets—6-piece Toilet Set, a real buy just 3 left..........**At only $6.95**
Plain White Cups and Saucers ....**2 for 25c.—Special**
Alarm Clocks, guaranteed for 1 year, ...**Special Price 99c.**
Hair Clippers, worth $1.50, **special 98c.**
Don't fail to see our new Dinner Sets—various prices.

WRITING PAPER

Box of writing paper, 24 sheets, and same of envelopes, with riple finish and gilt edge..........**At 49c. Box**

McINTOSH BROS.

FOR BETTER VALUES.

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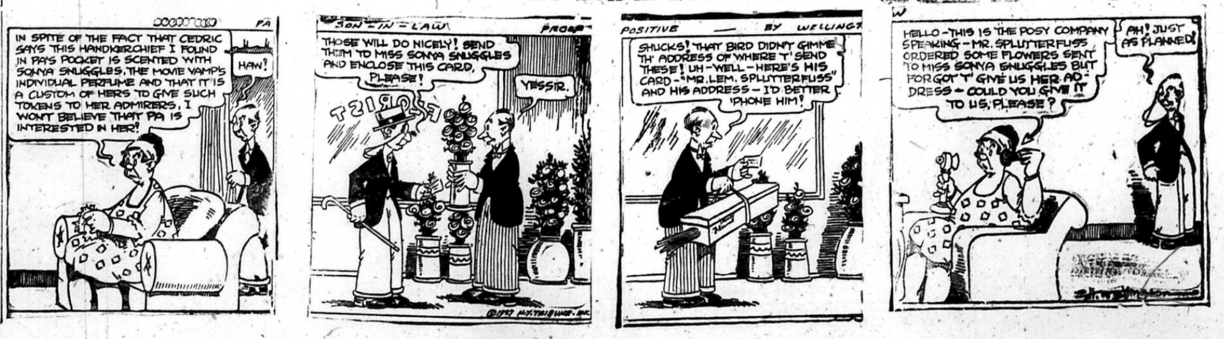
Pa's Son-in-Law


PA
IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT CEDRIC SAYS THIS HANDKERCHIEF I FOUND IN PA'S POCKET IS SCENTED WITH SONYA SNUGGLES, THE MOVIE VAMP'S INDIVIDUAL PERFUME AND THAT IT IS A CUSTOM OF HERS TO GIVE SUCH TOKENS TO HER ADMIRERS, I WON'T BELIEVE THAT PA IS INTERESTED IN HER!
HAW!
SON-IN-LAW
PROOF
THOSE WILL DO NICELY! SEND THEM TO MISS SONYA SNUGGLES AND ENCLOSE THIS CARD, PLEASE!
YESSIR.
FLORIST
POSITIVE — BY WELLINGT
SHUCKS! THAT BIRD DIDN'T GIMME TH' ADDRESS OF WHERE T' SEND THESE! UH-WELL-HERE'S HIS CARD-"MR. LEM. SPLUTTERFUSS" AND HIS ADDRESS - I'D BETTER 'PHONE HIM!
HELLO - THIS IS THE POSY COMPANY SPEAKING - MR. SPLUTTERFUSS ORDERED SOME FLOWERS SENT TO MISS SONYA SNUGGLES BUT FORGOT T' GIVE US HER ADDRESS - COULD YOU GIVE IT TO US, PLEASE?
AH! JUST AS PLANNED!

Radio
Announcement

We are pleased to announce that we have been appointed exclusive dealers in this district for the

Rogers
Batteryless Radio Sets

The Radio that runs from your light socket, and costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

The Q. R. S. Music Co., Toronto, are displaying a full range of 1927-1928 models at their exhibit at Toronto National Exhibition. (west end of Music Building).

Courteous attention will be shown, and expert advice given to all who may call there.

We shall also be glad to show some of these models at our store where you may see and hear this marvellous Radio Set.

A DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME MAY BE ARRANGED AT ANY TIME.

Wilson's Hardware.

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries ; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us

Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges ; also the Beach Electric Range.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

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No Change in the Price
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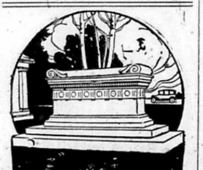

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

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WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Thirty years ago a farm mother in Wentworth County, Ontario, whose child had died because she had not known how to give it relief until the far-away doctor came, formed the first Women's Institute, asking the Provincial Government to give the women on the farm homes nursing classes. Today from coast to coast in Canada, in England, Australia, New Zealand and in several European countries, the Women's Institutes are functioning and growing with amazing rapidity. Already it is the largest international women's society in the world. It enters into every phase of the life of the home and the community and it the only women's organization backed by the governments. The Department of Agriculture has a large staff of women lecturers and demonstrators ready to send to branches that ask for them and the interest they arrouse and the many helpful activities of the Institutes is a large factor in solving the old question "How to keep the boys and girls on the farm ?" The districts and branches are bound together by the bond of federation so that they can speak with a definite voice on the larger issues. This summer the Federated Institutes met at Wolfeville, N.S. From British Columbia and all the provinces came farm women to the most easterly province. Unanimously they decided that the reduction of maternal mortality among the women of Canada was the first task for them ; statistics showing them it was an urgent one: "There is no time to lose," said the president, "every minute counts."

Along every highway motorists meet the sign "Tourist accommodation," posted at the gateway of farm homes. Often it is a glad sign to hot and dusty travellers who willingly stop and spend the night, even if they have an hour more of daylight in which to admire the scenery. But there are homes that do not attract the tourist no matter how alluring the sign may be, and before turning in at the gate a consultation is held and voice from the car may be heard saying "Let us try another place." The house that calls to the motorist to stop has a welcoming air. Here, they say, the water will be as hot as advertised, the meals will be good and served in a spotless living room, and the bedrooms will be cool for the windows are open and white curtains blow to and fro in the summer breeze. Tourists are said to have mysterious signs like tramps, that tell the next comer what the house is like. This may be a fairy tale, but at any rate some houses speak for themselves.

At the Conclave of the Most Noble Order of Crusaders held in Edmonton, Alta., this month, a unique honor was bestowed on a well-known Canadian woman, when Judge Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck) was presented with a cross for Imperial service. Mrs. Murphy, who has served her country in war and peace, is the first woman to have this honor conferred upon her and the first person in the British Empire to receive the coveted decoration.

Judge Murphy, judge of the Juvenile Court at Edmonton, is an outstanding figure in the Canadian Women's Press Club and some time ago was made a lady of Grace of the Order of St John of Jerusalem.

Just now everyone is enjoying corn. But this popular Canadian dist is not always as delicious as it might be. Some times the corn is cooked too long and sometimes not long enough. A successful housewife tells us that if you are fortunate enough to have corn in your garden, it should be picked just before it is put in the boiling water, unsalted, as she says salted water toughens the kernels. The water should be kept boiling and twelve minutes, is, she says, the allotted time for to cook the corn.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the minister.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Sale of Household Goods.

A private sale of household goods at FRED HOSEY'S, Bridge Street. 39-bp

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Pupils Win Medals.

The National Committee for the Celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation has forwarded the Public School Inspector the medals for the Special Contests in history, conducted in the Elementary Schools of Ontario. One silver medal and three bronze medals were given and were won by the following pupils : Edwin Galbraith, S. S. No. 3, Camden, won the silver medal ; Lillian Walters, West Ward 5, Napanee, Wesley McCutcheon, S. S. No. 20, Camden, and Velda D. Henderson, S. S. No. 6, Richmond, won the bronze medals. The medals will be given to the winners at the earliest opportunity.

Bank of Montreal Crop Report.

In the Prairie Provinces crops are maturing rapidly. Cutting has started and should be general next week. Considerable lodging of grain has occurred, especially in Alberta, while frost and rust are reported from some sections in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. In Quebec harvesting is now general, but settled weather is needed to assist operations and mature late crops. In contrast to the heavy yeilds of hay and grain in Ontario, indications are that all other crops will be below average. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia rust is appearing on potatoes, but good average crops are still in prospect, and pasturage is good. In Prince Edward Island conditions are excellent. In British Columbia weather conditions continue favourable for all crops. Threshing is general and a good average crop of high quality seems assured.

McAvoy—Cavanagh.

A very pretty midsummer church wedding took place in Brockville Saturday morning when Miss Carmel Cavanagh, a former Smith's Falls girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cavanagh, of Brockville, was united in marriage to Dr. James E. McAvoy of Brockville, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McAvoy, of Napanee. Rev. Father Fogarty officiated in St. Francis Xavier Roman Catholic Church. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was very pretty in a simple costume of white chiffon with white hose and shoes, and wore a tulle veil caught with a cornet of pearls. Her arm bouquet was of gladiolus roses and asters. Miss Aileen Consett, of Perth, niece of the bride, as bridesmaid wore a costume of pale georgette over pink, and a white picture hat, and carried a bouquet of asters and gladiolus. Mr. Joseph Curran, of Brockville, was groomsman. The ushers were : Dr. C. W .Cavanagh of Helena, Montana, brother-in-law of the bride, and Mr. H. J. Muldoon, of Brockville. Following a honeymoon trip Dr. and Mrs. McAvoy will take up residence in Brockville.

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Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship 11 a.m.

Bethany Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church : Sunday School 10 a.m.

The Pastor will speak at each service.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

THE LURID TALES FOR TOURISTS CALIFORNIA BOUND

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

It is baldface, outrageous lying ; the deliberate stuffing of automobile tourists from the effete East with a pack of the most fantastic yarns the resourceful Westerner can invent. Each season sees formidable additions to the stock and an unceasing supply of new victims, gullible beyond human comprehension.

An interested group gathers, and the fireworks commence. "Brother," he is gravely informed, "you sure started for the right place. You'll be a new man when you reach Los Angeles, that is," lowering his voice mysteriously, "if yo uget there alive."

"What do you men ?" Jones's dormant fears flare into a bright flame.

"Mexicans, brother, that's what I mean," his new friend whispers hoarsely. "The bandits are out! If you were just an ordinary man, I'd advise you to turn right back. They're running wild in New Mexico."

Boyond the quicksand country Jones ran into the reptile zone. Awe-struck he sat at the feet of a weatherbeaten storekeeper, who initiated him into the terrors of the rattlesnake country beyond. By way of tuition he sold Jones a horsehair rope to stretch about his camp at night. This kept the rattler from climbing in his bed.

Rattlesnakes filled his dreams and waking moments for two days then faded before a graver menace. Jones met the sage who introduced him to the hairy tarantula. The tarantula has figured in so many detective murder stories, where its bite causes the decease of the victim, that it is a sure-fire hit. The description of its appearance is always vague enough to cause the sucker to shy violently at every spider he meets thereafter.

John Henry Jones piloted his machine out of the Mojave with a grin on his face. The press-agented terrors, that failed to materialize, had broken the back of his credulity. He was still grinning when he surmounted Cajon Pass, and started the quick descent toward the distant orange orange groves of California. He had lost the New York air. Some of it had been scared out of him in the Kansas mudhole. New experiences dropped bits of it along the roadside. The rest of it had been baked out in the desert. He was now bringing the new vision of life, painfully acquired, back to earth. In fact he was in a fair way of becoming a Westerner.

Nevertheless, it is a terrible gauntlet to ask any man to run. Something, something serious, ought to be done about it.

Radium From Lead.

Women scientists have played a big part in radium researches since the discovery, made by Madame Curie and her husband, of this wonderful new metal with its miracle-working properties.

Now another woman has opened up a new field in radium investigations. She has found that lead which has been exposed for long periods to the sun's rays, say, on the roofs of houses, develops faint radio-active properties.

For some time scientists have believed that lead is a sort of distant relation of radium, but the idea that lead may develop radio-activity, or even, perhaps, be turned into radium, is revolutionary. Mlle. Maricaneanu, who has made this startling discovery, is continuing her researches.

Where will these investigations lead? It is less than thirty years since radium was discovered, and it has completely transformed many aspects of medical practice and general scientific work. Perhaps, in another thirty years, we will be living in a Radium Age, when the whole of the world's work will be done for it by radio-activity.

A Poor Reader.

Jimmy (shyly) : "I can read your thoughts, Miss Ruth."

Ruth (coyly): "Then what makes you sit so far away?"

This year the Directors of PICTON FAIR are putting forth every effort to make this year's Fair on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, overshadow all former years in the matter of Exhibits including Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Grain, Fruits, Roots and Vegetables. Attractions will be in advance of any previous year, including Music by Selected Military Band, Pageant—"Progress and Confederation"—Dalziel's Famous Midway and Shows, Races, Baseball, Baby Show and Dance. WE ADVISE ALL OUR PEOPLE FAR AND NEAR TO TAKE IN THIS MODEL COUNTY FAIR OF THE DOMINION, FOR THEY WILL CERTAINLY ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF THEIR VISIT TO PICTON FAIR. 40-b

LENOX FAIR

(Continued from page 1).

Sheep.

1st, P. E. R. Miller ; 2nd, Fred Mellor ; 3rd, Glynn Chambers ; 4th, Harold Preslar.

Swine.

1st, William Ball ; 2nd, Ford Denyes ; 3rd, Peter St. Lawrence.

Individual Score.

1. P. E .R. Miller, R. R. No. 4, Napanee	334
2. L. H. McCaul, R. R. No. 5, Napanee	314
3. Fred Mellor, Moscow	299
4. Milo Jackson, Enterprise	294
5. Harold Brown, Wilton	279
6. Clayton Woodcock, R. R. No. 6, Napanee	266½
7. Ford Denyes, R. R. No. 1, Odessa	264½
8. Gerald Walker, R. R. No. 1, Napanee	263½
9. Glynn Chambers, R. R. No. 2, Napanee	254
10. William Ball, Wilton	251
11. Ford Long, R. R. No. 1, Napanee	250
12. A. C. Davis, R. R. No. 2, Napanee	240
13. Erwell Huff, Wilton	239
14. Arthur Simmons, Wilton	231
15. Arthur McLaughlin, Tamworth	215
16. Peter St. Lawrence, R. R. No. 2, Napanee	203
17. Allan Vandebogart, R. R. No. 6, Napanee	193
18. Harold Preslar, R. R. No. 1, Napanee	173

The usual Community Dance was held in the Armouries on Friday evening and drew a good crowd, music being furnished by the Cobourg band orchestra. The Fair ground was also open and the Midway continued during the evening.

THE EXHIBITS.

The following special reports of some of the finest displays at the Fair will prove interesting reading, and should repay readers for the time expended upon their perusal :—

For Crippled Children.

One of the exhibits at the Lennox Fair that attracted an unusual amount of interest was the group of articles donated to the Napanee Rotary Club Fund for Crippled Children by some of the business men of the town. Tickets are being sold on these various articles and the winning tickets will be drawn at the Armouries, on October 31st, at the big Rotary Hallowe'en Frolic, which takes place that evening. The proceeds from the sale of these tickets will be used for the aid of crippled children throughout this county and vicinity. The articles are as follows :—

1. 5-piece Gibbard Solid Walnut Bedroom Suite.
2. Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator.
3. McClary Coal and Wood Stove.
4. Moffat Electric Stove.
5. Coxwell Arm Chair.
6. One Ton Hard Coal.
7. Fleury Plough.

Tickets for any of these articles may be obtained from any Rotarian, and at many of the stores in Napanee for 25c. to $1.00 each.

Ker's New Store.

One of the great attractions in the Palace was the fine exhibit by Mr. Wm. H. Ker, who occupies the newest store in Napanee, next door to Wonderland. The goods displayed are of a very artistic character, and as well-known to everybody as dollar bills. They have beauty, character and can be found in such a wonderful variety of design and colour that will harmonize with any room or any home. In fact they make any home more homelike and comfortable. The goods we speak of are Congoleum and Linoluem Art Rugs and Floor coverings. Besides being charming to look at, they are very serviceable, and will stand hard wear and long years of service.

Mr .Ker having been with a store in town for some time past, is no stranger to the Napanee public. Mr. Ker will carry in stock at his new store, a general line of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, etc., and invites the people of Napanee and the surrounding country to call in at his new store when he opens it sometime this week.

Boyle & Son.

This old and reliable firm of Hardware Merchants, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, etc., etc., were very much to the front at the Fair this year with an admirable display of the McClary Mfg. Co. products, most tastefully displayed and ably demonstrated by an expert McClary representative, who was fully competent to answer many wonderful questions and explain accurately the working and possibilities of the stoves, ranges, and furnacettes which were on exhibition. One of the finest exhibits was the new range known as "McClary's Eighty," to commemorate the eighty years of experience of the McClary Company. This wonder of the age not only cooks your meals, but it heats your kitchen, too, saving fuel economizing space in the kitchen, with every wanted cooking and baking convenience right at your finger tips. The oven is roomy, lined with nickeled white "daylight" interior, rust resisting and sanitary. The "Heatrite" latch enables you to adjust the door so that heat can be distributed into the atmosphere at any angle you wish. It has a semi-deep special fire box which burns any kind of fuel (it has a special provision for soft coal burning). Gives ample heat to make your kitchen cosy. Circulating-type reservoir provides abundance of hot water. This wonderful range and heater has enameled clad flues and other interior parts which add many years to its life and usefulness.

Amongst the other exhibits are the artistic and useful surface heaters called furnacettes, which would ornament any room in the house. They have perfect circulation and collect the cold air from the floors.

A good display of McClary's Blue Enamelware was also shown. Better see Boyle's about your heating and cooking ploblems.

E. J .Roy—Oil-O-Matic.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Palace, from the Canadian winter point of view, was that of our popular townsman and Mayor, E. J. Roy, of the Napanee Iron Works, who had on exhibition five Oil-O-Matic machines.

The heating problem in Canada during the past few years has become a very serious one and it looks as if the Oil-O-Matic might be the solution. We have in the past become used to good hard coal and that has become more scarce and expensive, and the quality in many cases inferior Then there is the dust and ashes and the work of constant attention.

The Oil-O-Matic is controlled by the room thermostat, it is completely automatic, absolutely clean, has no odour, and basement conditions are similar to the living room. Another good feature is the fuel used. (Fuel Oil) is the cheapest fuel known while being the richest in heat-units and perfectly safe. The safety device makes one absolutely sure that the furnace will not require any attention if the house should be unoccupied for an indefinite period. There is no doubt that the Oil-O-Matic is the most perfect oil heating system in existence today. It is not new and untried, for it has been on the market for the past eight years and has been sold all over the world. The Oil-O-Matics sold in U.S.A. alone last year amount to 64,000. Twenty-two per cent of the oil burners made are Oil-O-Matic.

Mr. Putnam, the demonstrator for Shaver Bros., distributors, was in attendance at Mr. Roy's booth, and gave satisfactory information to all enquirers, and reported quite a number of sales here, with good prospects of many more.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

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COME TO PICTON FAIR PREPARED FOR A GOOD TIME! OUR FAIR IS CONDUCTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMING, LIVE STOCK and LOCAL INDUSTRIES! WE WILL SHOW THIS YEAR THE MOST WONDERFUL EXHIBITS THAT WE HAVE EVER DISPLAYED. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN DONE TO MAKE EACH DEPARTMENT A SPECIAL FEATURE. LIVE STOCK, POULTRY, SEEDS, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FARM adn GARDEN PRODUCTS, COOKING, CANNING, FINE ARTS, FLOWERS, AND TRADES EXHIBITS. AUTOMOBILE AND MACHINERY DISPLAYS. FREE ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS. MUSIC, HORSE RACES EACH DAY, BASEBALL, LADIES' SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT, PAGEANT—"PROGRESS and CONFEDERATION," with 400 PEOPLE TAKING PART. BABY SHOW. COMMUNITY DANCE. MIDWAY. ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERY MINUTE! A DAY SPENT AT PICTON FAIR IS A REAL INVESTMENT. NO OTHER EVENT OFFERS SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY! 40-b

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FINE, JONESY.

Jones came wearily into the clubhouse and without glancing to right or to left, made for the locker room. There he encountered Brown, the club pest, who greeted him cheerily with: "Oh, hello, Jonesy, ol' boy ! What did you go around in ?"

Jones didn't look up from the shoe he was unlacing as he replied : "Thirty-three."

Brown's eyes widened.

"Strokes ?" he persisted.

"No !" shouted Jones, as he broke a shoe lace, "balls !"—Exchange.

Forest Nurseries In Germany.

Germany has 160 commercial forest nurseries, with a total area of 3,500 acres. Of these 23, with an area of 2,650 acres are located at Halstenbek in Schleswigholstein. The total output in 1925 was 1,070,000,000 conifers and 180,000,000 hardwoods. The nurseries at Halstenbek produced 65 per cent. of all the conifers and 190,000,000 hardwoods—enough to plant about 500,000 acres. Approximately 30 per cent. of the conifers and 5 per cent. of the hardwoods are raised on the forests, the commercial nurseries furnishing the remainder.

Gutta Percha.

Gutta Percha is prepared from the juice of certain trees found in the Malay peninsula and the adjacent islands. It hardens and decomposes more readily than India rubber, which is now often used as a substitute in the coating of submarine cables.

The Big Midway at Picton Fair will include Merry-Go-Round, Whip, Ferris Wheel and Merry-Mix-Up ; as well as a large number of Concessions. The Midway will be running full force each day and night of the Fair. Plan to attend ! Everybody must visit the Midway ! Four days—September 6, 7, 8, 9. 40-b

If Everybody Did It !

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail ! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned ? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result ? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.

Write for the College catalogue.

dec-21 I. L. MOORE, Principal.

SCHOOL FAIR DATES

Lennox and Addington, 1927

Odessa	September 12th
Stella	September 13th
Selby	September 14th
Tamworth	September 15th
Anderson	September 16th
Sillsville	September 19th
Denbigh	September 21st
Flinton	September 22nd
Camden East	September 23rd
Centreville	September 26th

HARRY KELLER'S
Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinner.

Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle	75c.
Shampoo	50c.
Hair Cut	35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

Costs little but always effective

GILLETT'S LYE

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

I laughed all the way back to the Hotel St. Quentin.

CHAPTER XIX.

I found M. Etienne sitting on the steps before the house. He had doffed his rusty black for a suit of azure and silver; his sword and poniard were heavy with silver chasings. His blue hat, its white plume pinned in a silver buckle, lay on the stone beside him. He had discarded his sling and was engaged in tuning a lute.

Evidently he was struck by some change in my appearance, for he asked at once:

"What has happened, Felix?"

"Such a lark!" I cried.

"What! did old Menard share the crowns with you for your trouble?"

"No; he pocketed them all. That was not it."

I was so choked with laughter as to make it hard work to explain what was it, while his first bewilderment changed to an amazed interest, which in its turn gave way, not to delight, but to distress.

"Mordieu!" he cried, starting up, his face ablaze, "if I resemble that dirt"——

"As chalk and cheese," I said. "No one seeing you both could possibly mistake you for two of the same race. But there was nothing in his catalogue that did not fit him. It mentioned, to be sure, the right arm in a sling; his was not, but he had his wrist bandaged. I think he cut himself last night when he was after me and I flung the door in his face, for afterward he held his hand behind his back. At any rate, there was the bandage; that was enough to satisfy the captain."

"And they took him off?"

"Truly. They gagged him because he protested so much, and lugged him off."

"To the Bastille?" he demanded, as if he could scarcely realize the event.

"To the Bastille. In a big traveling-coach, between the officer and his men. He may be there by this time."

He looked at me as if he were still not quite able to believe the thing.

"It is true, monsieur. If I were inventing it I could not invent anything better; but it is true."

"Certes, you could not invent anything better! Nor anything half so good. If ever there was a case of the biter bit" he broke off laughing.

"Monsieur, you know not half how funny it was. Had you seen their faces—the more Lucas swore he was not Comte de Mar the more the officer was sure he was."

"Felix, you have all the luck. I said this morning you should go about no more without me. Then I send you off on a stupid errand, and see what you get into!"

"Monsieur, I put it to you! Had you been there, how could Lucas have been arrested for Comte de Mar?"

"He won't stay arrested long—more's the pity."

"No," I said regretfully; "but they may keep him overnight."

"Aye, he may be out of mischief overnight. I am happy to say that my face is not known at the Bastille."

"Nor his, I take it. I thought from what I heard last night that he had never been in Paris save for a while in the spring, when he lay perdu. At the Bastille they may know nothing of the existence of a Paul de Lorraine. But, monsieur, if Mayenne has broken his word already. If they are arresting you on this trumped-up charge, you must get out of the gates to-night."

"Impossible," he answered, smiling; "I have an engagement in Paris."

"But monsieur may not keep it. He must go to St. Denis."

"I must go nowhere but to the Hotel Lorraine."

"Monsieur!"

"Why, look you, Felix; it is the safest spot for me in all Paris; it is the last place where they will look for me. Besides, now that they think me behind bars, they will not be looking for me at all. I shall be as safe as the hottest Leaguer in the camp."

"But in the hotel"——

"Be comforted; I shall not enter the hotel. There is a limit to my madness. No; I shall go softly around to a window in the side street under which I have often stood in the old days. She used to contrive to be in her chamber after supper."

"But, monsieur, how long is it since you were there last?"

"I think it must be two months. I had little heart for it after my father —— So, you see, no one will be on the lookout for me to-night."

"Neither will mademoiselle," I made my point.

"I hope she may," he answered. "She will know I must see her tonight. And I think she will be at the window."

The reasoning seemed satisfactory to him. And I thought one wet blanket in the house was enough.

"Very well, monsieur. I am ready for anything you propose."

"Then I propose supper."

Afterward we played shovel-board, I risking the pistoles mademoiselle had given me. I won five more, for he paid little heed to what he was about, but was ever fidgeting over to the window to see if it was dark enough to start. At length, when it was still between dog and wolf, he announced that he would delay no longer

"Very well, monsieur," I said with all alacrity.

"But you are not to come!"

"Monsieur!"

"Certainly not. I must go alone to-night."

"But, monsieur, you will need me. You will need some one to watch the street while you speak with mademoiselle."

"I can have no listener to-night," he replied immovably.

"But I will not listen, monsieur! I shall stand out of earshot. But you must have some one to give you warning should the guard set on you."

"I can manage my own affairs," he retorted haughtily; "I desire neither your advice nor your company."

"Monsieur!" I cried, almost in tears.

"Enough!" he bade sharply. "Go send me Vigo."

I went like one in whose face the doors of heaven had shut.

Vigo came at once from the guard-room at my summons. It was on my tongue to tell him of M. le Comte's mad resolve to fare forth alone, to beg him to stop it. But I remembered how blameworthy I myself had held the equerry for interfering with M. Etienne, and I made up my mind that no word of cavil at my lord should ever pass my lips. I lagged across the court at Vigo's heels, silent.

M. Etienne was standing in the doorway.

"Vigo," he said, without a change of countenance, "get Felix a rapier, which he can use prettily enough. I cannot take him out to-night unarmed."

Vigo hesitated a moment, saluted and went.

"Monsieur," I cried out, "you meant all the time to take me!"

He gazed down on my heated visage and laughed and laughed.

"Felix," he gasped, "you had your sport over there at the inn. But I have seen nothing this summer as funny as your face."

Vigo came back with a sword and baldric for me, and a horse-pistol besides, but M. Etienne would not let me have it.

"Circumstances are such, Vigo, that I want no noisy weapons."

The equerry regarded him with a troubled countenance.

"I wish I knew, monsieur, whether I do right to let you go."

"We will not discuss that, and it please you."

"I do not, monsieur. I have no right to curtail M. le Comte's liberties. But I let you go with a heavy heart."

He looked after us with foreboding eyes as we went out of the great gate alone, with not so much as a linkboy. But if his heart was heavy our hearts were light. We passed along as merrily as though to a feast. M. Etienne hung his lute over his neck and strummed it; and whenever we passed under a window whence leaned a pretty head he sang snatches of love-songs. We were alone in the dark streets of a hostile city, bound for the house of a mighty foe; and one of us was wounded and one a tyro. Yet we laughed as we went; for there was Lucas languishing in prison, and here we were, free as air, steering our course for mademoiselle's window. One of us was in love and the other wore a sword for the first time, and all the power of Mayenne daunted us not.

We came at length within bowshot of the Hotel de Lorraine, where M. Etienne was willing to abate somewhat his swagger. We left the Rue St. Antoine, creeping around behind the house through a narrow and twisting alley—it was pitchblack, but he knew the way well—into a little street dim-lighted from the windows of the houses upon it. It was only a few rods long, running from the open square in front of the hotel to the network of unpaved alleys behind. On the further side stood a row of high-gabled houses, their doors opening directly on the pavement; on this side was but one big pile, the Hotel de Lorraine. The wall was broken by few windows, most of them dark; this was not the gay side of the house. The overhanging turret on the low second story, under which M. Etienne halted, was as dark as the rest, nor, though the casement was open wide, could we tell whether any one was in the room. We could hear nothing but the breeze crackling in the silken curtains.

"Take your station at the corner there," he bade, "and shout if they seem to be coming for us. But I think we shall not be molested. My fingers are so stiff they will hardly recognize my hand on the strings."

I went to my post, and he began singing, scarce loud enough for any but his lady above to mark him:

Fairest blossom ever grew
Once she loosened from her breast
This I say, her eyes are blue.

From her breast the rose she drew,
Dole for me, her servant blest,
Fairest blossom ever grew.

The music paused, and I turned from my watch of the shadowy figures crossing the square, in instant alarm lest something was wrong. But whatever startled him ceased, for in a moment he went on again, and as he sang his voice rang fuller:

Of my love the guerdon true,
'Tis my bosom's only guest.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

Still to me 'tis bright of hue
As when first my kisses prest
Fairest blossom ever grew.

Sweeter than when gathered new
'Twas the sign her love confest.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

He stopped again and stood gazing up into the window, but whether he saw something or heard something I could not tell. Apparently he was not sure himself, for presently, a little tremulous, he added the fourth verse:

Askest thou of me a clue
To that lady I love best?
Fairest blossom ever grew!
This I say, her eyes are blue.

He doffed his hat, pushing back the hair from his brow, and waited, eager, hopeful. There was a little stir in the room that he thought was not the wind.

I had come unconsciously halfway up the street to him in the ardor of my interest; but now I was startled back to my duty by the sound of men running round the corner behind me. One glance was enough; two abreast, swords in hand, they were charging us. I ran before them, drawing blade as I went and shouting to M. Etienne. But even as I called an answering shout came from the alley; two men of the Spanish guards shot out of the darkness and at us.

M. Etienne, with his extraordinary quickness, had got the lute off his neck, and now, for want of a better use of it, flung it at the head of his nearest assailant who received it full in the face, stopped, hesitated a moment and ran back the way he had come. But three foes remained, with the whole Hotel de Lorraine behind them.

We put our backs to the wall and set to. The remaining Spaniard engaged me; M. Etienne, protected somewhat in the embrasure of a doorway, held at bay with his good left arm a pair of attackers. These were in the dress of gentlemen, and wore masks as if their cheeks blushed (well they might) for the deeds of their hands.

A broad window in the Hotel de Lorraine was flung open; a man leaned far out with a torch. The bright glare in our faces bewildered our gloom-accustomed eyes; I could not see what I was about, and rammed my point against my Spaniard's hilt, snapping my blade.

The sudden impact sent him stumbling back a pace, and M. Etienne, who, with the quick eye of the born fencer, saw everything, cried to me, "Here!"

I darted back into the doorway beside him. His two assailants finding that they gained nothing by their joint attack, but rather hampered each other, one dropped back to watch his comrade, the cleverer swordsman. This was decidedly a man of talent, but he was shorter in the arm than my master and had the disadvantage of standing on the ground, whereas M. Etienne was up one step. He could not force home any of his shrewd-planned thrusts; nor could he drive M. Etienne out of his coign to where in the open the two could make short work of him. The rapiers clashed and parted and twisted about each other and flew apart again; and then before I could see who was touched the attacker fell to his knees, with M. Etienne's sword in his breast.

M. Etienne wrenched the blade out; the wounded man sank backward, his mask-string breaking. He was the one whom I had thought him—Francois de Brie.

M. Etienne was ready for the second gentleman, but neither he nor the soldier attacked. The torch-bearer in the window, with a shout, waved his arm toward the square. A mob of armed men hurled itself around the corner, a pikeman with lowered point in the van.

This was not combat; it was butchery. M. Etienne, with a little moan, lifted his eyes for the first time from his assailant to the turret window. In the same instant I felt the door behind us give. Throwing my whole weight upon it I seized M. Etienne and pulled him over the threshold. Some one inside slammed the door to just as the Spaniard hurled himself against it.

CHAPTER XX.

We found ourselves in a narrow panelled passageway, lighted by a flickering oil-lamp pendant from a bracket. Confronting us was our preserver—a little old lady in black velvet, leaning back in chuckling triumph against the shot bolts.

She was very small and very old.

Her figure was bent and shrunken, a pitiful little bag of bones in a rich dress; her hair was as white as her ruff; her skin as yellow and dry as parchment, furrowed with a thousand wrinkles; but her black eyes sparkled like a girl's.

"I did not mean to let my nightingale's throat be slit," she cried in a shrill voice quavering like a young child's. "I have listened to your singing many a night, monsieur. I was glad to-night to find the nightingale back again. When I saw that crew rush at you I said I would save you if only you would put your back to my door. Monsieur, you are a young man of intelligence."

"I am a young man of amazing good fortune, madame." M. Etienne replied, with his handsomest bow, sheathing his wet blade. "I owe you a debt of gratitude which is ill repaid in the base coin of bringing trouble to this house."

"Not at all—not at all!" she protested with animation. "No one is likely to molest this house. It is the dwelling of M. Ferou."

"Of the Sixteen?"

"Of the Sixteen," she nodded, her shrewd face agleam with mischief. "In truth, if my son were within you were little likely to find harborage here. But as it is, he and his wife are supping with His Grace of Lyons. And the servants are one and all gone to mass, leaving madame grandmere to shift for herself. No, no, my good friends; you may knock till you drop, but you won't get in."

The attacking party was indeed hammering energetically on the door, shouting to us to open, to deny them at our peril. The eyes of the old lady glittered with new delight at every rap.

"I fancy they will think twice before they batter down M. Ferou's door! Ma foi! I fancy they are a little mystified at finding you sanctuaried in this house. Was it not my Lord Mayenne's jackal, Francois de Brie?"

"Yes; and Marc Latour."

"I thought I knew them," she cried in evident pride at her sharpness. "It was dark, and they were masked, and my eyes are old, but I knew them! And which of the ladies is it?"

He could do no less than answer his savior.

"Ah, well," she said, with a little sigh, "I, too, once—but that is a long time ago." Then her eyes twinkled again; I trow she was not much given to sighing. "That is a long time ago," she repeated briskly, "and now they think I am too old to do aught but tell my beads and wait for death. But I like to have a hand in the game."

"I will come to take a hand with you any time, madame," M. Etienne assured her. "I like the way you play."

She broke into shrill, delighted laughter.

"I'll warrant you do! And I don't mean to do the thing by halves. No; I shall save you hide and hair. Be so kind, my lad, as to lift the lantern from the hook."

I did as she bade me, and we followed her down the passage like spaniels. She was so entirely equal to the situation that we made no protests and asked no questions. At the end of the hall she paused, opening neither the door on the right nor the door on the left, but, passing her hand up one of the panels of the wainscot, suddenly she flung it wide.

"You are not so small as I," she chuckled, "yet I think you can make shift to get through. You, monsieur lantern-bearer, go first."

I doubled myself up and scrambled through. The old lady, gathering her petticoats daintily, followed me without difficulty, but M. Etienne was put to some trouble to bow his tall head low enough. We stood at the top of a flight of stone steps descending into blackness. The old lady unhesitatingly tripped down before us.

At the foot of the stairs was a vaulted stone passageway, slippery with lichen, the dampness hanging in beads on the wall. Turning two corners, we brought up at a narrow, nail-studded door.

"Here I bid you farewell," quoth the little old lady. "You have only to walk on till you get to the end. At the steps pull the rope once and wait. When he opens to you, say, 'For the Cause,' and draw a crown with your finger in the air."

"Madame," M. Etienne cried, "I hope the day may come when I shall make you suitable acknowledgments. My name"——

"I prefer not to know it," she interrupted, glancing up at him. "I will call you M. Yeux-gris; that is enough. As for acknowledgments—pooh! I am overpaid in the sport it has been."

"But, madame, when monsieur your son discovers"——

"Mon dieu! I am not afraid of my son or of any other woman's son!" she cried, with cackling laughter. And I warrant she was not.

"Madame," M. Etienne said, "I trust we shall meet again when I shall have time to tell you what I think of you." He dropped on his knees before her, kissing both her hands.

"Yes, yes, of course you are grateful," she said, somewhat bored apparently by his demonstration. "Naturally one does not like to die at your age. I wish you a pleasant journey, M. Yeux-gris, and you, too, you fresh-faced boy. Give me back my lantern and fare you well."

"You will let us see you safe back in your hall."

"I will do nothing of the sort! I am not so decrepit, thank you, that I cannot get up my own stairs. No, no; no more gallantries, but get on your way! I must be back in my chamber working my altar-cloth when my daughter-in-law comes home."

Crowing her elfin laugh she pulled the door open and fairly hustled us through.

"Good-by—you are fine boys," and she slammed the door upon us. We were in absolute darkness. As we took our first breath of the dark, foul air we heard bolts snap into place.

"Well, since we cannot go back, let us go forward," said M. Etienne, cheerfully. "I am glad she has bolted the door; it is to throw them off the scent should they track us."

I knew very well that he was not at all glad; that the same thought which chilled my blood had come to him. This little beldame, with her beady eyes and her laughter, was the wicked witch of our childhood days; she had shut us up in a charnel-house to die.

I heard him tapping the pavement before him with his scabbard, using it as a blind man's staff. And so we advanced through the fetid gloom, the passage being only wide enough to let us walk shoulder to shoulder. There was a whirring of wings about us and a squeaking; once something swooped square into my face, knocking a cry of terror from me and a laugh from him.

"What was it? a bat? Cheer up, Felix; they don't bite." But I would not go on till I had made sure, as well as I could without seeing, that the cursed thing was not clinging on me somewhere.

We walked on then in silence, the stone walls vibrant with our tread. We went on till it seemed we had traversed the width of Paris; and I wondered who were sleeping and feasting and scheming and loving over our heads. M. Etienne said at length:

"Mordieu. I hope this snake-hole does not empty us into the Seine!" But I thought that as long as it emptied us out somewhere I should not greatly mind the Seine.

At this very moment M. Etienne clutched my arm, jerking me to a halt. I bounded backward, trying in the blackness to discern a precipice yawning at my feet. "Look!" he cried in a low, tense voice. I perceived, far before us in the gloom, a point of light, which, as we watched it, grew bigger and bigger till it became an approaching lantern.

"This is likely to be awkward," murmured M. Etenne.

The man carrying the light came on with firm, heavy tread; naturally he did not see us as soon as we saw him. I thought him alone, but it was hard to tell in this dark, echoey place.

He might easily have approached within touch of my sad clothing without becoming aware of me, but M. Etienne's azure and white caught the lantern rays a rod away. The newcomer stopped short, holding up the light between us and his face. We could make nothing of him, save that he was a large man, soberly clad.

"Who is it?" he demanded, his voice ringing out loud and steady. "Is it you, Ferou?"

M. Etienne hooked his scabbard in place and went forward into the clear circle of light.

"No, M. de Mayenne; it is Etienne de Mar."

"Ventre bleu!" Mayenne ejaculated, changing his lantern with comical alacrity to his left hand, and whipping out his sword. My master came bare, too, at that. They confronted each other in silence, till Mayenne's ever-increasing astonishment forced the cry from him:

"How the devil came you here?"

"Evidently by way of M. Ferou's house," M. Etienne answered. Mayenne still stared in thick amazement; after a moment my master added: "I must in justice say that M. Ferou is not aware that I am using this passage; he is, with madame his wife, supping with the Archbishop of Lyons."

M. Etienne leaned his shoulder against the wall, smiling pleasantly and waiting for the duke to make the next move. Mayenne kept a nonplussed silence. The situation was indeed somewhat awkward. He could not come forward without encountering an agile opponent, whose exceeding skill with the sword was probably known to him. He could not turn tail, had his dignity allowed the course, without exposing himself to be spitted. He was in the predicament of the goat on the bridge. Yet was he gaping at us less in fear, I think, than in bewilderment. This Ferou, as I learned later, was one of his right-hand men, years-long supporter. Mayenne had as soon expected to meet a lion in the tunnel as to meet a foe. He cried out again upon us, with an instinctive certainty that a great prince's question must be answered.

"How came you here?"

"I don't ask," said M. Etienne. "how it happens that M. le Duc is walking this rathole. Nor do I feel disposed to make any explanation to him."

"Very well, then," said Mayenne; "our swords, if you are ready, will make adequate explanation."

"Now, that is gallant of you," returned M. Etienne, "as it is evident that the closeness of these walls will inconvenience Your Grace more than it will me."

The walls of the passage were roughly laid, Mayenne perched his lantern on a projecting stone.

"On guard, sir," he answered.

The silence was profound. Mayenne had no companion following him. He was alone with his sword. He was not head of the state, but only a man with a sword, standing opposite another man with a sword. Nor was he in the pink of form. Though he gave the effect, from his clear color and proud hearing, perhaps also from his masterful energy, of tremendous force and strength, his body was in truth a poor machine, his great corpulence making him clumsy and scant of breath. He must have known, as he eyed his supple antagonist, what the end would be. Yet he merely said:

"On guard, monsieur."

M. Etienne did not raise his weapon. I retreated a pace that I might not be in the way of his jump should Mayenne spring on him. M. Etienne said slowly:

"M. de Mayenne, this encounter was none of my contriving. Nor have I any wish to cross swords with you. Family quarrels are to be deprecated. Since I still intend to become your cousin, I must respectfully beg to be released from the obligation of fighting you."

A man knowing himself overmatched cannot refuse combat. He may, even as Mayenne had done, think himself compelled to offer it. But if he insists on forcing battle with a reluctant adversary, he must be a hothead indeed. And Mayenne was no hothead. He stood hesitant, feeling that he was made ridiculous in accepting the clemency and should be still more ridiculous to refuse it. He half lifted his sword, only to lower it again, till at last his good sense came to his relief in a laugh.

"M. de Mar, it appears that, after all, some explanations are necessary. You think that in declining to fight you put me in your debt. Possibly you are right. But if you expect that in gratitude I shall hand over Lorance de Montluc, you were never more mistaken. Never, while I live, shall she marry into the king's camp. Now, monsieur, that we understand each other, I abide by your decision whether we fight or not."

For answer M. Etienne put up his blade. The Duke of Mayenne, saluting with his, did the like.

"Mar," he said, "you stood off from us, like a coquetting girl, for three years. At length, last May, you refused point-blank to join us. I do not often ask a man twice, but I ask you. Will you join the League to-night and marry Lorance to-morrow?"

No man could have spoken with a franker grace, I believed then, I believe now, he meant it. M. Etienne believed he meant it.

"Monsieur," he answered, "I have shilly-shallied long; but I am planted squarely at last with my father on the king's side. You put your interesting nephew into my father's house to kill him; I shall not sign myself with the League."

"In that case," returned Mayenne, "perhaps we might each continue on his way."

"With all my heart, monsieur."

Each drew back against the wall to let the other pass, with a wary eye for daggers. Then M. Etienne, laughing a little, but watching Mayenne like a lynx, started to go by. The duke, seeing the look, suddenly raised his hands over his head, holding them there while both of us squeezed past him.

"Cousin Charles," said M. Etienne, "I see that when I have married Lorance you and I shall get on capitally. Till then, God have you ever in guard."

"I thank you, monsieur. You make me immortal."

"I have no need to make you witty, M. de Mayenne, when you have submitted to the king, as you will one of these days. I shall have as delightful a kinsman as heart of man could wish. You and I will yet drink a loving cup together. Till that happy hour I am your good enemy. Fare you well, monsieur."

He bowed; the duke, half laughing despite a considerable ire, returned the obeisance with all pomp. M. Etienne took me by the arm and departed. Mayenne stood still for a space; then we heard his retreating footsteps, and the glimmer of his light slowly faded away.

"It wasn't necessary to tell him the door is bolted," M. Etienne muttered.

We hurried along now without precaution, knowing that the floor which had supported Mayenne would support us. The consequence was that we tumbled abruptly against a step and fell with a force like to break our kneecaps. I picked myself up at once and ran headlong up the stairs, to hit my crown on the ceiling and reel back on M. Etienne, sweeping him off his feet, so that we rolled in a struggling heap on the stones of the passage. And for the minute the place was no longer dark; I saw more lightning than ever flashed in the Rue Coupe-jarrets.

"Are you hurt, Felix?" cried M. Etienne, the first to disentangle himself.

"No," I said, groaning; "but I banged my head. She did not say it was a trap-door."

We ascended the stairs a second time—this time most cautiously on our hands and knees. Above us at the end we could feel, with upleaping of spirit, a wooden ceiling.

"Ah, I have the cord!" he exclaimed.

The next instant we heard a faint but most comforting tinkle somewhere above us. Before we had time to wonder whether any marked it but us we heard steps overhead, and a noise as of a chest being pulled about, and then the trap lifted. We climbed out into a silk-mercer's shop.

"Faith, my man," said M. Etienne to the little bourgeois who had opened to us, "I am glad to see you appear so promptly."

He looked at us, somewhat troubled or alarmed.

"You must have met"——he suggested with hesitancy.

"Yes," said M. Etienne; "but he did not object. We are, of course, of the initiated."

"Of course, of course," the little fellow assented, with a funny assumption of knowing all about it. "Not every one has the secret of the passage. Well, I can call myself a lucky man. 'Tis mighty few mercers have a duke in their shop as often as I."

We looked curiously about us. The shop was low and dim, with piles of stuff in rolls on the shelves, and other stuffs lying loose on the counter before us, as if the man had just been measuring them—gorgeous brocades and satins. Above us a bell on the rafter still quivered.

"Yes, that is the bell of the trap," the proprietor said, following our glance. "Customers do not know where it rings from. And if I am not at liberty to open I drop my brass yardstick on the floor. But they told

(Continued on page 6).

Premier Interviews Car Inspector

When Premier Stanley Baldwin was travelling through the Maritime Provinces over the lines of the Canadian National Railways he evinced keen interest in all matters concerning transportation. At Truro, N.S., Mr. Baldwin asked D. A. McKay, Car Inspector, "Did you examine the wheels of my car?"

"Yes sir. They are all right", answered the Inspector.

Mr. Baldwin then asked a number of questions about the work of Inspectors, remarking that in England they were called "car tappers," and noting the longer hammer used in Canada.

"Yours is a responsible work" commented Mr. Baldwin as the train drew out.

COLORFUL ALBANIA

A Visit to Scutari on Market Day Is a Delight to an Artist—An Open Beauty.

The picturesqueness of the women of Albania forms the theme of an article published in the London Daily Mail, by J. M. N. Jeffries.

Material progress, he writes, has laid its hand on Albania at last, especially the towns.

More is being done in Tirana than anywhere else. Tirana is, or was, little more than a large Moslem village in the middle of the country, about twenty-five miles from the sea at Durazzo. At Durazzo itself preparations for progress have been made; it is a place of dust, ruts, hovels and melancholy.

Tirana, where is the modest residence of the President of the Republic of Albania, is an open, rather straggling place, gathered round several painted mosques. Its few older roads are but miry lanes, but a number of new ones are being pierced with a certain amount of despatch, broad and well planned. They are made after Peter the Great's style. Where the required road passes through a standing house, half or a quarter or as much of the house as is mathematically necessary for the passage of the road is cut neatly away and the rest left standing.

The newest of the new roads contains a fresh hotel named the "Bar Palace," and not far away are the offices of two avokate, or lawyers, and a Partisserie Parisienne. Round the corner are the signs of dambthars, or dentists, and groceries are making their appearance. Tirana has a reputed powerful wireless station also, which communicates with Brindisi, and a small paper is being producer by Albania's first journalist, M. Chekresi. So, after its long isolation, Albania is beginning to go the way of the world.

The artist would do well to visit Albania now, before uniformity is achieved. Never in Europe have I known such an emblazoned scene as upon, say, the market day at Scutari. Indeed, it may compare with some of the most celebrated samples of the picturesque outside our continent. It has not the dark, well-like mystery of the deep, declining streets of Fez, nor can it show the blown robes and the Eastern erranty of Damascus.

But there is an open beauty about it without compare. It is as if a sower had come and scattered, and in the free places the human grain had come to flower. Like flowers truly are the banks of women, seated in winding rows and clumps as irregularly as wild flowers break, vending the cloths and laces and tissues they and their mothers have spun and woven and embroidered.

As you pass them in the countryside you will see that they are never idle; striding along erect or bent beneath some burden upon their shoulders, yet they are forever spinning as they walk. A skein is in one hand or both and they go endlessly winding or turning after the manner of their craft.

And, here below Scutari Castle they spread their goods, than which they themselves are perchance more wonderful. Some of them are in scarlet and some in yellow or snatches of both, and many in white with variegated embroideries. Some are in black, the women of the Shoshi, unrelieved black, but with their skirts standing out stiff and turning upwards, so that with their rough woollen leg-coverings and sandals they look like so many Mongolians.

Here and there a woman customer in full dress walks amid them, though they are generally so close that you must push your way. Necklaces of gold coins swing upon her breast and heavy earrings from her ears; she is perhaps a recent bride.

Here and there, too, are Moslem women, closely veiled, with but one long slit to see by, so narrow and so regularly horizontal that it is like the slits in the conning-towers of warships. But most are Christian, and some wear their black hair in wild shorn tufts, thrust through either side of the kerchief which they wear over their heads.

Besides there are others, women and men, inconceivably shaggy and tattered, with bits of sacking and fragments of old cord flopping about them, in the garments of utter destitution, mere pagodas of rags. All move and intermingle and jostle without thought, bending over the cloths or the squares of leather the tanners and the leaves of tobacco the curers alike spread upon the ground.

The last remnants of old rubber tyres are there, to be made into sandals, and provender in the folds of women's skirts or in vivid rough bags. It is a sight without a parallel, and I think that the hand of a true painter who came to paint it might shake as he saw it, shake with fear that it might suddenly tremble and pass from his sight, and join all that beauty and that squalor which ended in the western lands when the clouded sunset of the Middle Ages waned away. There is still time for the painter, but he must hasten.

CONSUL-GENERAL FOR U.S.

John C. Foster Retires After Thirty Years of Service.

The appointment of Irving Nelson Linnell as American Consul-General at Ottawa furnishes this important post in Canada with an official whose experience in the United States diplomatic and consular service has been completely confined with affairs of the British Isles or its Dominions. John C. Foster, after serving thirty years, has retired.

Mr. Linnell was born in Boston, Mass. January 27, 1881, and graduated from the Cambridge, Mass., Latin School in 1901, before entering Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1904 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He continued in the Harvard Law School and graduated with the degree of bachelor of laws in 1907. Mr. Linnell was employed in a lawyers' office in Boston for one year after graduation, and then practiced law in his own name there from 1909 to 1911. He was a member of the Cambridge common council from 1909 to 1911, serving as president one year.

Late in 1911 Mr. Linnell went to Prince Rupert, where he was employed in a law office until September 23, 1914, when he was appointed consular agent for the American Government. He was promoted to vice-consul at Prince Rupert April 20, 1915, and transferred as vice-consul at Vancouver on March 13, 1916. He was promoted to the grade of consul in June, 1917, at Vancouver, and remained there until December 1, 1919, when he was transferred to Plymouth, England. He was detailed to London July 31, 1920, and remained there until March 30, 1923, except for a brief service at Cardiff, Wales, in 1921. He came to the Department of State in March 1923, and has been in charge of Canadian affairs in the western European division since then.

Mr. Foster, whom Mr. Linnell succeeds, also has served in Canada all the period of thirty years in which he has been in the consular service. He was appointed Consul-General at Halifax on June 23, 1897, and transferred to Ottawa on June 3, 1903. Regarding Mr. Foster's service Secretary of State Kellogg paid this tribute:

"Mr. Foster's services in Canada have been of the utmost value to the United States and he has done much to promote and maintain friendly relations with [illegible] members of the Canadian G[illegible]ment and persons of prominence [illegible]nadian political life. The Departm[illegible]has nothing but the highest appr[illegible]tion of the efficient manner in which Consul-General Foster has performed his duties throughout his entire period of thirty years' service."

Briar Root.

The root used in making tobacco pipes and commonly called briar, is not the root of a briar but of a tree found near the Mediterranean in southern Europe. The name of the tree is the French word "bryer," and the English name briar is a corruption of the French word.

Telephones In Coffins.

An experiment has been undertaken at the cemetery of San Jose, in Spain, for the installation of tiny telephones in each coffin. These are to be connected to an alarm bell in the porter's lodge, thus providing against the possibility of anyone being buried alive.

Hear Through Their Legs.

Some insects have their hearing apparatus in their legs.

The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page 5).

you that, doubtless, monsieur?" he added, regarding M. Etienne again a little uneasily.

"They told me something else I had near forgotten," M. Etienne answered, and, drawing a crown in the air, gave the password, "For the Cause."

"For the King," the shopkeeper made instant rejoinder, drawing in the air in his turn a letter C and the numeral X.

M. Etienne laid a gold piece on the counter, and if the shopkeeper had felt any doubts of this well-dressed gallant who wore no hat they vanished in its radiance.

"And now, my friend, let us out into the street and forget our faces."

The man took up his candle to light us to the door.

"Perhaps it would not trouble monsieur to say a word for me over there?" he suggested, pointing in the direction of the tunnel. "M. le Duc has every confidence in me. Still, it would do no harm if monsieur should mention how quickly I let him out."

"When I see him I will surely mention it," M. Etienne promised him. "Continue to be vigilant to-night, my friend. There is another man to come."

Followed by the little bourgeois's thanks and adieus, we walked out into the sweet open air. As soon as his door was shut again we took to our heels, nor stopped running till we had put half a dozen streets between us and the mouth of the tunnel. Then we walked along in breathless silence.

Presently M. Etienne cried out:

"Death of my life! Had I fought there in the burrow I should have changed the history of France!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The street before us was as orderly as the aisle of Notre Dame. Few wayfarers passed us; those there were talked together as placidly as if lovetrysts and melees existed not, and tunnels and countersigns were but the smoke of a dream. It was a street of shops all shuttered, while above the burghers' families went respectably to bed.

"This is the Rue de la Ferronnerie," my master said, pausing a moment to take his bearings. "See under the lantern, the sign of the Pierced Heart. The little shop is in the Rue de la Soierie. We are close by the Halles—we must have come half a mile underground. Well, we'll swing about in a circle to get home. For this night I've had enough of the Hotel de Lorraine."

And I. But I held my tongue about it, as became me.

"They were wider awake than I thought—those Lorrainers. Pardieu! Felix, you and I came closer quarters with death than is entirely amusing."

"If that door had not opened"——I shuddered.

"A new saint in the calendar—la Sainte Ferou! But what a madcap of a saint, then! My faith, she must have led them a dance when Francis I. was king!

"Natheless it galls me," he went on, half to himself, "to know that I was lost by my own folly, save by pure chance. I underrated the enemy—worst mistake in the book of strategy. I came near flinging away two lives and making a most upsightly mess under a lady's window."

"Monsieur made somewhat of a mess as it was."

"Aye. I would I knew whether I killed Brie. We'll go round in the morning and find out."

"I am thankful that monsieur does not mean to go to-night."

"Not to-night, Felix! I've had enough. No; we'll get home without passing near the Hotel de Lorraine, if we go outside the walls to do it. To-night I draw my sword no more."

To this day I have no quite clear idea of how we went. A strange city at night—Paris of all cities—is a labyrinth. I know that after a time we came out in some meadows along the river bank, traversed them and plunged once more into narrow, high-walled streets. It was very late, and lights were few. We had started in clear starlight, but now a rack of clouds hid even their pale shine.

"The snake-hole over again," said M. Etienne. "But we are almost at our own gates."

But, as in the snake-hole, came light. Turning a sharp corner we ran straight into a gentleman and his porte-flambeau, swinging along at as smart a pace as we.

"A thousand pardons," M. Etienne cried to his encounterer, the possessor of years and gravity but of no great size, whom he had almost knocked down. "I heard you, but knew not you were so close. We were speeding to get home."

The personage was also of a portliness, and the collision had knocked the wind out of him. He leaned panting against the wall. As he scanned M. Etienne's open countenance and princely dress his alarm vanished.

"It is unseemly to go about on a night like this without a lantern," he said with asperity. "The municipality should forbid it. I shall certainly bring the matter up at the next sitting."

"Monsieur is a member of the Parliament?" M. Etienne asked with immense respect.

"I have that honor, monsieur," the little man replied, delighted to impress us, as he himself was impressed by the sense of his importance.

"Oh," said M. Etienne with increasing solemnity, "perhaps monsieur had a hand in a certain decree of the 28th of June?"

The little man began to look uneasy.

"There was, as monsieur says, a measure passed that day," he stammered.

"A rebellious and contumacious decree," M. Etienne rejoined, "most offensive to the general-duke." Whereupon he fingered his sword.

"Monsieur," the little deputy cried, "we meant no offense to his Grace, or to any true Frenchman. We but desire peace after all these years of blood. We were informed that his Grace was angry; yet we believed that even he will come to see the matter in a different light"——

"You have acted in a manner insulting to his Grace of Mayenne," M. Etienne repeated inexorably, and he glanced up the street and down the street to make sure the coast was clear. The wretched little deputy's teeth chattered.

The linkman had retreated to the other side of the way, where he seemed on the point of fleeing, leaving his master to his fate. I thought it would be a shame if the badgered deputy had to stumble home in the dark, so I growled out to the fellow:

"Stir one step at your peril!"

I was afraid he would drop the flambeau and run, but he did not; he only sank back against the wall, eying my sword with exceeding deference. He knew not that there was but a foot of blade in the scabbard.

The burgher looked up the street and down the street, after M. Etienne's example, but there was no help to be seen or heard. He turned to his tormentor with a valor of a mouse at bay.

"Monsieur, beware what you do. I am Pierre Marceau!"

"Oh, you are Pierre Marceau? And can M. Pierre Marceau explain how he happened to be faring forth from his dwelling at this unholy hour?"

"I am not faring forth; I am faring home. I—we had a little con—that is, not to say a conference, but merely a little discussion on matters of no importance"——

"I have the pleasure," interrupted M. Etienne sternly, "of knowing where M. Marceau lives. M. Marceau's errand in this direction is not accounted for."

"But I was going home—on my sacred honor I was! Ask Jacques, else. But as we went down the Rue de l'Eveque we saw two men in front of us. As they reached the wall by M. de Mirabeau's garden a gang of footpads fell on them. The two drew blades and defended themselves, but the ruffians were a dozen—a score. We ran for our lives."

M. Etienne wheeled round to me.

"Felix, here is work for us. As I was saying, M. Marceau, your decree is most offensive to the general-duke, and therefore, since he is my particular enemy, most pleasing to me. A beautiful night, is it not, sir? I wish you a delightful walk home." He seized me by the hand and we dashed up the street.

At the corner the noise of a fray came faintly but plainly to our ears. M. le Comte without hesitation plunged down a lane in the direction of the sound. "I said I wanted no more fighting to-night, but two against a mob! We know how it feels."

The clash of steel on steel grew ever louder, and as we wheeled around a jutting garden wall we came full upon the combatants.

"A rescue, a rescue!" cried M. Etienne. "Shout, Felix! Montjoie St. Denis! A rescue, a rescue!"

We charged down the street, drawing our swords and shouting at the top of our lungs.

It was too dark to see much save a mass of struggling figures, with every now and then, as the steel hit, a point of light flashing out, to fade and appear again like a brilliant glowworm. We could scarce tell which were the attackers, which the two comrades we had come to save.

But if we could not make them out, neither could they us. We shouted as boldly as if we had been a company, and in the clatter of their heels on the stones they could not count our feet. They knew not how many followers the darkness held. The group parted. Two men remained in hot combat close under the left wall. Across the way one sturdy fighter held off two, while a sixth man, crying on his mates to follow, fled down the lane.

M. Etienne knew now what he was about, and at once took sides with the solitary fencer. The combat being made equal, I started in pursuit of the flying figure. I had run but a few yards, however, when I tripped and fell prostrate over the body of a man. I was up in a moment, feeling him to find out if he were dead; my hands over his heart dipped into a pool of something wet and warm like new milk. I wiped them on his sleeve as best I could, and hastily groped about for his sword. He did not need it now, and I did.

When I rose with it my quarry was swallowed up in the shadows. M. Etienne, whose light clothing made a distinguishable spot in the gloom, had driven his opponent, or his opponent had driven him, some rods up the lane the way we had come. I stood perplexed, not knowing where to busy myself. M. Etienne's side I could not reach past the two duels; and of the four men near me, I could by no means tell, as they circled about and about, which were my chosen allies. They were all sombrely clad, their faces blurred in the darkness. When one made a clever pass I knew not whether to rejoice or despair. But at length I picked out one who fenced, though valiantly enough, yet with greater effort than the rest; and I deemed that this had been the hardest pressed of all and must certainly be one of the attacked and the one most deserving of succor. He was plainly losing ground. I darted to his side just as his foe ran him through the arm.

The assailant pulled his blade free and darted back against the wall to face the two of us. But the sword of the wounded man fell from his loose fingers.

"I'm out of it," he cried to me; "I go for aid." And as his late combatant sprang forward to engage me I heard him running off, stumbling where I had.

There had been little light toward the last in the court of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets, and less under the windows of the Hotel de Lorraine; but here was none at all. I had to use my sword solely by the feel of his against it, and I underwent chilling qualms lest presently, without in the least knowing how it got there, I should find his point sticking out of my back. I could hardly believe he was not hitting me; I began to prickle in half a dozen places, and knew not whether the stings were real or imaginary. But one was not imaginary; my shoulder which Lucas had pinked and the doctor bandaged was throbbing painfully. I fancied that in my earlier combat the wound had opened again and that I was bleeding to death; and the fear shook me. I lunged wildly, and I had been sent to my account in short order had not at this moment one of the other pair near us, as it afterward appeared, driven his weapon square through his vis-a-vis's breast.

"I am done for. Run who can!" he cried as he fell. The sword snapped in two against the paving-stones; he rolled over and lay still, his face in the dirt.

My encounterer, with a shout to his single remaining comrade, made off down the lane. On my part, I was very willing to let him depart in peace.

The clash of swords up the lane had ceased at the stricken man's cry, and out of the gloom came the sound of footfalls fainter and fainter. I deemed that the battle was over.

The champion came toward me, three white patches visible for his face and hands; the rest of him but darkness moving in darkness. He held a sword rifled from the enemy, and advanced on me hesitatingly, not sure whether friend or foe remained to him. I felt that an explanation was due from me, but in my ignorance as to who he was and who his foes were, and why they had been fighting him and why we had been fighting them, I stood for a moment confused. It is hard to open conversation with a shadow.

He spoke first, in a voice husky from his exertion:

"Who are you?"

"A friend," I said. "My master and I saw two men fighting four—we came to help the weaker side. Your friend was hurt, but he got away safe to fetch aid."

The unknown made a rapid step toward me, crying, "What"——

But at the word M. Etienne emerged from the shadows.

"Who lives?" he called out. "You, Felix?"

"Not hurt, monsieur. And you?"

"Not a scratch. Nor did I scratch my man. Permit me to congratulate you, monsieur l'inconnu, on our coming up when we did."

The unknown said one word:

"Etienne!"

I sprang forward with the impulse to throw my arms about him, in the pure rapture of recognizing his voice. This struggler, who we had rushed in, blindfold, to save, was Monsieur! If we had been content to mind our own business, had sheered away like the deputy—it turned me faint to think how long we had delayed with old Morceau, we were so nearly too late. I wanted to seize Monsieur, to convince myself that he was all safe, to feel him quick and warm.

I made one pace and stopped; for I remembered what ghastly shape stood between me and Monsieur—that horrible lying story.

"Dieu!" gasped M. Etienne, "Monsieur!"

For a moment we all kept silence, motionless; then Monsieur flung his sword over the wall.

"Do your will, Etienne."

His son darted forward with a cry

"Monsieur, Monsieur, I am not your assassin! I came to your aid not dreaming who you were; but, had I known, I would have fought a hundred times the harder. I never plotted against you. On the honor of a St. Quentin I swear it."

Monsieur said naught, and we could not see his face; could not know whether he believed or rejected, softened or condemned.

M. Etienne, catching at his breath, went on:

"Monsieur, I know it is hard to credit. I have been a bad son to you, unloving, rebellious, insolent. We quarrelled; I spoke bitter words. But I am no ruffian. I am a St. Quentin. Had you had me whipped from the house, still would I never have raised hand against you. I knew nothing of the plot. Felix told you I was in it—small blame to him. But he was wrong. I knew naught of is."

Had he been content to rest his case here I think Monsieur could not but have believed his innocence on his bare word. The stones in the pavement must have known that he was uttering truth. But he in his eagerness paused for no answer, but went on to stun Monsieur with statements new and amazing to his ear.

"My cousin Grammont—who is dead—was in the plot, and his lackey Pontou and Martin the clerk; but the contriver was Lucas."

"Lucas?"

"Lucas," continued M. Etienne. "Or, to give him his true title, Paul de Lorraine, son of Henri de Guise."

"But that is impossible!" Monsieur cried, stupefied.

"It is impossible, but it is true. He is a Lorraine—Mayenne's nephew, and for years Mayenne's spy. He came to you to kill you—for that object pure and simple. Last spring, before he came to you, he was here in Paris with Mayenne, making terms for your murder. He is no Huguenot, no Kingsman. He is Mayenne's henchman, son of Guise himself."

"And how long have you known this?" said Monsieur.

"Since this morning." Then, as the import of the question struck him he fell back with a groan. "Ah, Monsieur, if you can ask that, I have no more to say. It is useless." He turned away into the darkness.

That they should part thus was too miserable to be endured. I was sure Monsieur's question was no accusation, but the groping of bewilderment.

"M. Etienne, stop!" I commanded. "Monsieur, it is the truth. Indeed it is the truth. He is innocent, and Lucas is a Guise. Monsieur, you must listen to me. M. Etienne, you must wait. I stirred up the whole trouble with my story to you, Monsieur, and I take it back. I believed I was telling the truth. I was wrong. When I left you I went straight back to the Rue Coupejarrets to kill your son—your murderer, I thought. And there I found Grammont and Lucas side by side. We thought them sworn foes; they were hand in glove. They came to me to end me because I had told, and M. Etienne saved me. Lucas mocked him to his face because he had been tricked; Lucas bragged that it was his own scheme—that M. Etienne was his dupe. Vigo will tell you. Vigo heard him. His scheme was to saddle M. Etienne with your murder. He was tricked. He believed what he told me—that the thing was a duel between Lucas and Grammont. You must believe it, Monsieur!"

M. Etienne, who had actually obeyed me—me, his lackey—turned to his father once again.

"Monsieur, if you cannot believe me, believe Felix. You believed him when he took away my good name. Believe him now when he restores it."

"Nay," Monsieur cried; "I believe thee, Etienne."

And he took his son in his arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

Already a wan light was revealing the round tops of the plum-trees in M. de Mirabeau's garden, the high gray wall and the narrow alleyway beneath it. And the two vague shapes by me were no longer vague shapes, but were turning moment by moment, as if coming out of an enchantment, into their true forms. It really was Monsieur in the flesh, with a wet glint in his eyes as he kissed his boy.

Neither thought of me, and it was none of my concern what they said to each other. I went a rod or two down the lane, round a curve in the wall and watched the bands of light streaking the eastern sky, in utter content. Never before had the world seemed to me so good a place. Since this misery had come right I knew all the rest would; I should yet dance at M. Etienne's wedding.

I leaned my head back against the wall, and had shut my eyes to consider the matter more quietly, when I heard my name.

"Felix! Felix! Where is the boy got to?"

The sun was clean up over the horizon, and as I blinked and wondered how he had contrived the feat so quickly my two messieurs came hand in hand round the corner to me, the level rays glittering on monsieur's burnished breastplate, on M. Etienne's bright head and on both their shining faces. Now that for the first time I saw them together I found them, despite the dark hair and the yellow, the brown eyes and the gray, wonderfully alike. There was the same carriage, the same cock of the head, the same smile. If I had not known before I knew now the instant I looked at them that the quarrel was over.

I sprang up, and monsieur, my duke, embraced me.

"Lucky we came up the lane when we did, eh, Felix?" M. Etienne said. "But, monsieur, I have not asked you yet what madness sent you traversing this back passage at two in the morning."

"I might ask you that, Etienne."

The young man hesitated a bare moment before he answered:

"I am just come from serenading Mlle. de Montue."

A shade fell over monsieur's radiance. At his look M. Etienne cried out:

"I've told you I'm no Leaguer! Mayenne offered me mademoiselle if I would come over. I refused. Last night he sent me word that he would kill me as a common nuisance if I sought to see her. That was why I tried."

"Monsieur," I cried, curiosity mastering me, "was she in the window?"

He shook his head, his eyes on his father's face.

"Etienne," monsieur said slowly, "can't you see that Mlle. de Montluc is not for you?"

"I shall never see it, monsieur. The first article in my creed says she is for me. And I'll have her yet, for all Mayenne."

"Then, mordieu, we'll steal her together!"

"You! You'll help me?"

"Why, dear son," monsieur explained, "it broke my heart to think of you in the League. I could not bear that my son should help a Spaniard to the throne of France, or a Lorrainer either. But if it is a question of stealing the lady—well, I never prosed about prudence yet, thank God!"

M. Etienne, wet-eyed, laughing, hugged monsieur.

"By St. Quentin, we'll get you your lady. I hated the marriage while I thought it would make you a Leaguer. I could not see you sacrifice your honor to a girl's bright eyes. But your life—that is different."

"My life is a little thing."

"No," monsieur said; "It is a good deal—one's life. But one is not to guard one's life at the cost of all that makes life sweet."

"Ah, you know how I love her!"

"They call me a fool," monsieur went on musingly, "because I risk my life in wild errands. But, mordieu! I am the wise man. For they who think ever of safety and crouch and scheme and shuffle to procure it, why, look you, they destroy their own ends. For when all is done they have never really lived. And that is why they hate death so, these worthies. While I, who have never cringed to fear, I live like a king. I go my ways without any man's leave; and if death comes to me a little sooner for that I am a poor creature if I do not meet him smiling. If I may live as I please I am content to die when I must."

"Aye," said M. Etienne, "and if we live as we do not please, still we must die presently. Therefore do I purpose never to give over striving after my lady."

"Oh, we'll win her by noon. But first we'll sleep. There's Felix yawning his head off. Come, come."

We set off along the alley, the St. Quentins arm in arm, I at their heels. Monsieur looked over his shoulder with a sudden anxiety.

"Felix, you said Huguet had run for aid?"

"Yes, monsieur; Vigo should have been here before now," I answered, remembering Vigo's promptitude yesterday.

"Every one was asleep; he has been hammering this half hour to get in," M. Etienne said easily.

But monsieur asked of me:

"Was he much hurt, Felix?"

"No, I am sure not, monsieur. He was run through the arm; I am sure he was not hurt otherwise."

We came to where the two slain men lay across the way. M. Etienne exclaimed:

"If you do not hold your life dear you sell it dear, monsieur! How many of the rascales were there?"

"It was hard to tell in the dark. Five, I think."

"Now, monsieur, how came you to be in this place in the dark?"

"Why, what to do, Etienne? I came in at the gate just after midnight I could not leave St. Denis earlier, and night is my time to enter Paris. The inns were shut"——

"But some friend near the gate? Tarigny would have sheltered you."

"Aye, and got into trouble for it had it leaked out to the Sixteen."

"Tarigny is no craven."

"But neither am I," said monsieur.

"Oh, I give you up! Go your ways. But I will not come to save you next time."

"No, lad, you will be at my side hereafter."

M. Etienne laughed and said no more.

"But in truth," monsieur added, "I did not expect waylaying. If these fellows watched by the gate they hid cleverly. I never saw a finger-tip of them till they sprang upon me by the corner here, when we were almost home."

M. Etienne bent over and turned face up the man whom monsieur had run through the heart. He was an ugly enough fellow, one eye entirely closed by a great scar that ran from his forehead nearly to his grizzled mustache.

"This is Bernet le Borgue," he said. "Have you encountered him before, monsieur? He was a soldier under Guise once, they say, but he has done naught but hang about Paris taverns this many a year. We used to wonder how he lived; we knew he did somebody's dirty work. Clisson employed him once, so I know something of him. With his one eye he could fence better than most folks with two. My congratulations to you, monsieur."

But monsieur, not heeding, was bending over the other man.

"Your acquaintance is wider than mine. Do you know this one?"

M. Etienne shook his head over the other man, who lay face up, staring with wide dark eyes into the sky. His hair curled in little rings about his forehead and his cheeks were smooth; he looked no older than I.

"He dashed at me the first of all," monsieur said in a low voice. "I ran him through before the others came up. Mordieu! I am glad it was dark. A boy like that!"

"He had good mettle to run up first," M. Etienne said. "And it is no disgrace to fall to your sword, monsieur. Come, let us go."

But monsieur looked back again at the dead lad and then at his son and at me, and came with us heavy of countenance.

On the stones before us lay a trail of blood drops.

"Now, that is where Huguet ran with his wounded arm," I said to M. Etienne.

"Aye, and if we did not know the way home we could find it by this red track."

But the trail did not reach the door, for when we turned into the little street where the arch is, where I had waited for Martin, as we turned the familiar corner under the walls of the house itself, we came suddenly on the body of a man. Monsieur ran forward with a cry, for it was the squire Huguet.

He wore a leather jerkin lined with steel rings, mail as stout as any forged. Some one had stabbed once and again at the coat without avail, and had then torn it open and stabbed his defenseless breast. Though we had killed two of their men they had rained blows enough on this man of ours to kill twenty.

Monsieur knelt on the ground beside him, but he was quite cold.

"The man who fled when we charged them must have lurked about," I said. "Huguet's sword arm was useless; he could not defend himself."

"Or else he fainted from his wound, he bled so," M. Etienne answered. "And one of those who fled last came upon him helpless and did this."

"Why didn't I follow him instead of sitting down, a John o' Dreams?" I cried. "But I was thinking of you and monsieur; I forgot Huguet."

"I forgot him too," monsieur sorrowed. "Shame to me; he would not have forgotten me."

"Monsieur," his son said, "it was no negligence of yours. You could have saved him only by following when he ran. And that was impossible."

"In sight of the door," monsieur said sadly. "In sight of his own door."

We held silent. Monsieur got soberly to his feet.

"I never lost a better man."

"Monsieur," I cried, "he asks no better epitaph. If you will say that of me when I die I shall not have lived in vain."

He smiled at the outburst, but I did not care; if he would only smile I was content it should be at me.

"Nay, Felix," he said. "I hope it will not be I who compose your epitaph. Come, we must get to the house and send after poor Huguet."

"Felix and I will carry him," M. Etienne said, and we lifted him between us—no easy task, for he was a heavy fellow. But it was little enough to do for him.

We bore him along slowly, monsieur striding ahead. But of a sudden he turned back to us, laying quick fingers on the poor torn breast.

"What is it, monsieur?" cried his son.

"My papers."

(Continued on page 7)

And he took his son in his arms.

"I went to my post and he began singing."

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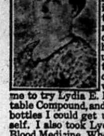

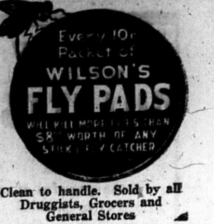
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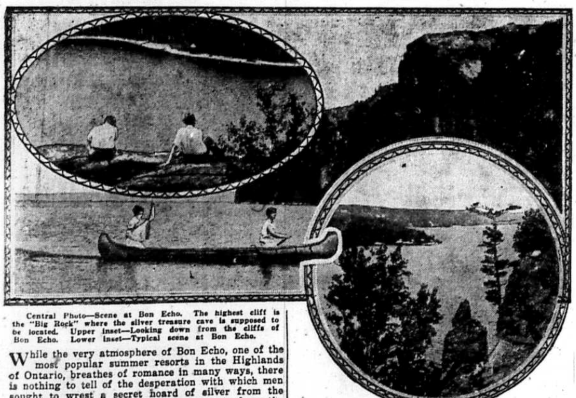
Hidden Treasure of Bon Echo



Central Photo—Scene at Bon Echo. The highest cliff is the "Big Rock" where the silver treasure cave is supposed to be located. Upper inset—Looking down from the cliffs of Bon Echo. Lower inset—Typical scene at Bon Echo.

While the very atmosphere of Bon Echo, one of the most popular summer resorts in the Highlands of Ontario, breathes of romance in many ways, there is nothing to tell of the desperation with which men sought to wrest a secret hoard of silver from the great rocky walls that rise like ramparts from the blue waters of the upper and lower Mazinaw.

There is a host of legends about the lost fortune of silver but the story that is most generally accepted is that it was bullion brought out of the district by the Indians and used in exchange for blankets, axes, whiskey and firearms and that they had stored much silver in a cave in the cliffs. The story goes that one John Myers, who kept a store at Myersville, often exchanged goods for the Indians' silver, but could never discover where the cache actually was. His son, however, was brought up with the Indians and, supplying them with whiskey, induced them to take him to the spot. The three of them went up the Moira River from Myersville to Loon Lake and across country to Bon Echo. Somewhere on top of the cliff they came upon two flat stones. By forcing these stones in opposite directions they discovered an opening about twelve inches in diameter, through which Myers forced himself. What the flame from his pine-pitch torch disclosed is doubtful, but there was silver in some form, so it is told, and immense quantities of it. Filling his pockets and a small bag with the treasure, the adventurer made mental note of the location and commenced the return journey.

The lake was rough and the remains of the whiskey were lost. The two Indians, sobered by their wetting, became sorry for this action and fearful of the vengeance of their tribe. In an attempt to dispose of Myers, they upset the canoe and lost their own lives, while the survivor made a painful way back alone to Myersville, when he soon succumbed to pneumonia. Myers left a map and description of the location, and it is his map which up till quite recent years has led men to waste their years and substance on the supposed treasure of Bon Echo.

In 1860, George Merrill, grandfather of the present operator of Bon Echo Inn, Merrill Dennison, well known writer, and one John Bull, were among the first to make an attempt to wrest the secret from the Rock. Coming to the foot of the cliff which marks the jointure of the upper and lower Mazinaw Lakes, Bull took the southern face, while Merrill worked in the opposite direction, and is said to be the only man to ever see the cave again. Fearing however, that as Bull had once killed a man, his life would not be safe if his secret were known, he kept it to himself, and later the two men left, one discouraged and the other hoping to return again. He did return, but the great forest fires had so changed the topography of the top of the rock, that he was unable to locate the silver for a second time.

Later, a man named Van Asselstein becoming possessed of the map, mortgaged two excellent farms on the Kingston Road, and spent fourteen years prospecting on the rock to no avail. Then in 1911, two partners, Sills and Scott, were told by a spiritualist, the famous Anna Eva Fay, that they would find a hatchet dropped near the spot by John Myers. They spent over two thousand dollars (all they possessed) in the search, and sure enough found a rusty axehead with the initials J. M. stamped upon it, but they found nothing else.

Bon Echo, with its ideal holidaying facilities, and its treasure romance, lies a short motor drive from the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, Kaladar, on the Montreal-Toronto line.

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

We set him down, and the three of us examined him from top to toe, stripping off his steel coat, pulling apart his blood-clotted linen, prying into his very boots. But no papers revealed themselves.

"What were they, monsieur?"

A drawn look had come over monsieur's face.

"Papers which the king gave me, and which I, fool and traitor, have lost."

I ran back to the spot where we had found Huguet; there was his hat on the ground, but no papers. I followed up the red trail to its beginning, looking behind every stone, every bunch of grass, but no papers. In my desperation I even pulled about the dead men lest the packet had been covered falling from Huguet in the fray. The two gentlemen joined me in the search and we went over every inch of the ground, but to no purpose.

"I thought them safer with Huguet than with me," monsieur groaned. "I knew we ran the risk of ambush. Myself would be the object of attack; I bade Huguet, were we waylaid, to run with the papers."

"And of course he would not."

"He should; it was my command. He stayed and saved my life, perhaps, and lost me what is dearer than life—my honor."

"He could not leave you to be killed, monsieur; that were asking the impossible."

"Aye, but I am saved at the ruin of a hundred others!" monsieur cried. "The papers contained certain lists of names of Mayenne's officers pledged to support the king if he turn Catholic. I had them for Lemaitre. But at this date, in Mayenne's hands, they spell the men's destruction. Huguet should have known that if I told him to desert me I meant it."

M. Etienne ventured no word, understanding well enough that in such bitter moments no consolation consoles. M. le Duc added after a moment:

"Mordieu! I am ashamed of myself. I might be better occupied than in blaming the dead — the brave and faithful dead. Belike he could not run, they set on us so suddenly. When he could he did go, and he went to his death. They were my charge, the papers. I had no right to put the responsibility on any other. I should have kept them myself. I should have gone to Tarigny. I should never have ventured myself through these black lanes. Fool! traitorous fool!"

"Nay, monsieur, the mischance might have befallen any one."

"It would not have befallen Villeroi! It would not have befallen Rosny!" monsieur exclaimed bitterly. "It befalls me because I am a lackwit who rushes into affairs for which he is not fit. I can handle a sword, but I have no business to meddle in statecraft."

"Then have those wiseheads out at St. Denis no business to employ you," M. Etienne said. "He is not unknown to fame, this Duke of St. Quetin; everybody knows how he goes about things. Monsieur, they gave you the papers because no one else would carry them into Paris. They knew you had no fear in you; and it is because of that that the papers are lacking. But take heart, monsieur. We'll get them back."

"When? How?"

"Soon," M. Etienne answered, "and easily, if you will tell me what they are like. Are they open?"

"I fear by now they may be. There are three sheets of names, and a fourth sheet, a letter—all in cipher."

"Ah, but in that case"——

"But—Lucas."

"Of course—I forgot him. He knows your ciphers, then?"

"Dolt than I was, he knows everything."

"Then must we lay hands on the papers before they reach Mayenne and all is saved," M. Etienne declared cheerfully. "These fellows can't read a cipher. If the packet be not open, monsieur?"

"It was a span long and half as wide; for all address the letters St. Q. in the corner. It was tied with red cord and bore the seal of a flying falcon and the motto Je reviendrai."

"What! the king's seal? That's serious. Expect, then, monsieur, to see the papers in an hour's time."

"Etienne, Etienne," monsieur cried, "are you mad?"

"No madder than is proper for a St. Quentin. It's simple enough. I told you I recognized that worthy back there for one Bernet, who lodged at an inn I wot of over beyond the markets. Do we betake ourselves thither we may easily fall in with some comrades of his bosom who have not the misfortune to be lying dead in a back lane, who will know something of your loss. Bernet's sons are no bigots; while they work for the League, they will lend a kindly ear to the chink of Kingsmen's florins."

"Ah," cried monsieur, "then let us go." But M. Etienne laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Not you. I. They will kill you in the Halles just as cheerfully as in the Quartier Marais. This is my affair."

He looked at monsieur with kindling eyes, seeing his chance to prove his devotion. The duke yielded to his eagerness.

"But," M. Etienne added generously, "you may have the honor of paying the piper."

"I give you carte-blanche, my son. Etienne, if you put that packet into my hand it is more than if you brought the sceptre of France."

"Then go practice, monsieur, at feeling more than king."

He embraced his father and we turned off down the street.

The sun was well up by this time and the city rousing to the labors of the day. Half was I glad of the lateness of the hour, for we ran no risk now of cutthroats; and half was I sorry, for it behooves not a man supposed to be in the Bastille to show himself too liberally to the broad eye of the streets. Every time—and it was often—that we approached a person who to my nervous imagination looked official I shook in my shoes. The way seemed fairly to bristle with soldiers, officers, judges; for all I knew, members of the Sixteen, Gov. Belin himself. It was a great surprise to me when at length we arrived without let or hindrance before the door of a mean little drinking place, our goal.

We went in and M. Etienne ordered wine, much to my satisfaction. My stomach was beginning to remind me that I had given it nothing for twelve hours or so, while I had worked my legs hard.

"Does M. Bernet lodge with you?" my master asked of the landlord. We were his only patrons at the moment.

"M. Bernet? Him with the eye out?"

"The same."

"Why, no, monsieur. I don't let lodgings. The building is not mine. I but rent the ground floor for my purposes."

"But M. Bernet lodges in the house, then?"

"No, he doesn't. He lodges round the corner, in the court off the Rue Clichet."

"But he comes here often?"

"Oh, aye. Every morning for his glass. And most evenings too."

M. Etienne laid down the drink money and something more.

"Sometimes he has a friend with him, eh?"

The man laughed.

"No, monsieur; he comes in here alone. Many's the time I'll be standing in my door when he'll go by with some gallant, and he never chances to see me or my shop. While if he's alone it's 'Good morning, Jean. Anything in the casks to-day?' He can no more get by my door than he'll get by Death's when the time comes."

"No," agreed M. Etienne; "we'll all stop there, soon or late. Those friends of M. Bernet, then—there is none you could put a name to?"

"Why, no, monsieur, more's the pity. He has none lives in this quarter. M. Bernet's in low water, you understand, monsieur. If he lives here it is because he can't help it. But he goes elsewhere for his friends."

"Then you can tell us, my man, where he lodges?"

"Aye, that can I," mine host answered, bustling out from behind the bar, eager in the interest of the pleasant-spoken, open-handed gallant. "Just round the corner of the Rue Clichet, in the court. The first house on the left, that is his. I would go with monsieur, only I cannot leave the shop alone, and the wife not back from market. But monsieur cannot miss it. The first house in the court. Thank you, monsieur. Au revoir, monsieur."

In the doorway of the first house on the left in the little court stood an old man with a wooden leg sweeping heaps of refuse out of the passage.

"It appears that every one on this stair lacks something," M. Etienne murmured to me. "It is the livery of the house. Can you tell me, friend, where I may find M. Bernet?"

The concierge regarded us without cordiality, while by no means ceasing his endeavors to cover our shoes with his sweepings.

"Third story back," he said.

"Does M. Bernet lodge alone?"

"One of him's enough," the old fellow growled, whacking out his dirty broom on the door post, powdering us with dust. M. Etienne, coughing, pursued his inquiries:

"Ah, I understand he shared his lodgings with a comrade. He has a friend, then, in the building?"

"Aye, I suppose so," the old chap grinned, "when monsieur walks in."

"But he has another friend besides me, has he not?" M. Etienne persisted. "One who, if he does not live here, comes often to see M. Bernet?"

"You seem to know all about it. Better see Bernet himself instead of chattering here all day."

"Good advice, and I'll take it," said M. Etienne, lightly setting foot on the stair, muttering to himself as he mounted, "and come back to break your head, mon vieillard."

We went up the three flights and along the passage to the door at the back, whereon M. Etienne pounded loudly. I could not see his reason, and heartily I wished he would not. It seemed to me a creepy thing to be knocking on a man's door when we knew very well he would never open it again. We knocked as if we fully thought him within, when all the while we knew he was lying a stone on the stones under M. de Mirabeau's garden wall. Perhaps by this time he had been found; perhaps one of the marquis's liveried lackeys or a passing idler or a woman with a market basket had come upon him; perhaps even now he was being borne away on a plank to be identified. And here were we, knocking, knocking, as if we innocently expected him to open to us. I had a chill dread that suddently he would open to us. The door would swing wide and show him pale and bloody, with the broken sword in his heart. At the real creaking of a hinge I could scarce swallow a cry.

It was not Bernet's door, but the door at the front which opened, letting a stream of sunlight into the dark passage. In the doorway stood a woman, with two bare-legged babies clinging to her skirts.

"Madame," M. Etienne addressed her, with the courtesy due to a duchess, "I have been knocking at M. Bernet's door without result. Perhaps you could give me some hint as to his whereabouts?"

"Ah, I am sorry. I know nothing to tell monsieur," she cried regretfully, impressed, as the concierge had not been, by his look and manner. "But this I can say: he went out last night, and I do not believe he has been in since. He went out about 9—or it may have been later than that. Because I did not put the children to bed till after dark; they enjoy running about in the cool of the evening as much as anybody else, the little dears. And they were cross last night, the day was so hot, and I was a long time hushing them to sleep. Yes, it must have been after 10, because they were asleep, and the man stumbling on the stairs woke Pierre. And he cried for an hour. Didn't you, my angel?"

She picked one of the brats up in her arms to display him to us. M. Etienne asked:

"What man?"

"Why, the one that came for him. The one he went out with."

"And what sort of person was this?"

"Nay, how was I to see? Would I be out walking the common passage with a child to hush? I was rocking the cradle."

"But who does come here to visit M. Bernet?"

"I've never seen any one, monsieur. I've never laid eyes on M. Bernet but twice. I keep in my apartment. And, besides, we have only been here a week."

"I thank you, madame," M. Etienne said, turning to the stairs.

She ran out to the rail, babies and all.

"But I could take a message for him, monsieur. I will make a point of seeing him when he comes in."

"I will not burden you, madame," M. Etienne answered from the story below. But she was loath to stop talking, and hung over the railing to call:

"Beware of your footing, monsieur. Those second-floor people are not so tidy as they might be; one stumbles over all sorts of their rubbish out in the public way."

The door in front of us opened with a startling suddenness, and a big, brawny wench bounced out to demand of us:

"What is that she says? What are you saying of us, you slut?"

We had no mind to be mixed in the quarrel. We fled for our lives down the stair.

The old carl, though his sweeping was done, leaned on his broom on the outer step.

"So you didn't find M. Bernet at home? I could have told you as much had you been civil enough to ask."

I would have kicked the old curmudgeon, but M. Etienne drew two gold pieces from his pouch.

"Perchance if I ask you civilly you will tell me with whom M. Bernet went out last night?"

"Who says he went out with anybody?"

"I do," and M. Etienne made a motion to return the coins to their place.

"Since you know so much it's strange you don't know a little more," the old chap growled. "Well, Lord knows if it is really his, but he goes by the name of Peyrot."

"And where does he lodge?"

"How should I know? I have trouble enough keeping track of my own lodgers without bothering my head about other people's."

"Now rack your brains, my friend, over this fellow," M. Etienne said patiently, with a persuasive chink of his pouch. "Recollect now; you have been sent to this monsieur with a message."

"Well, Rue des Tournelles, sign of the Gilded Shears," the old carl spat out at last.

"You are sure?"

"Hang me else."

"If you are lying to me I will come back and beat you to a jelly with your broom."

"It's the truth, monsieur," he said with some proper show of respect at last. "Peyrot, at the Gilded Shears, Rue des Tournelles. You may beat me to a jelly if I lie."

"It would do you good in any event," M. Etienne told him, but flinging him his pistoles nevertheless. The old fellow swooped upon them, gathered them up and was behind the closed door all in one movement. But as we walked away he opened a little wicket in the upper panel and stuck out his ugly head to yell after us:

"If M. Bernet's not at home yet neither will his friend be. I've told you what will profit you none."

"You mistake, Sir Gargoyle," M. Etienne called over his shoulder, "our information is entirely to my [illegible]."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a long walk to the Rue des Tournelles, which lay in our own quarter, not a dozen streets from the Hotel St. Quentin itself. We found the Gilded Shears hung before a tailor's shop in the cellar of a tall, cramped structure, only one window wide. Its narrow door was inhospitably shut, but at our summons the concierge appeared to inform us that M. Peyrot did truly live here, and, moreover, was at home, having arrived but half an hour earlier than we. He would go up and find out whether monsieur could see us.

But M. Etienne thought that formality unnecessary, and was able, at small expense, to convince the concierge of it. We went alone up the stairs and crept very quietly along the passage toward the door of M. Peyrot. But our shoes made some noise on the flags; had he been listening he might have heard us as easily as we heard him. Peyrot had not yet gone to bed after the night's exertion; a certain clatter and gurgle convinced us that he was refreshing himself with supper or breakfast before reposing.

M. Etienne stood still, his hand on the doorknob, eager, hesitating. Here was the man; were the papers here? If they were should we secure them? A single false step, a single wrong word might foil us.

The sound of a chair pushed back came from within, and a young man's quick, firm step passed across to the far side of the room. We heard a box shut and locked. M. Etienne nipped my arm; we thought we knew what went in. Then came steps again and a loud yawn and presents two whacks on the floor. We knew as well as if we could see that Peyrot had thrown his boots across the room. Next a crash and jangle of metal, that meant his sword-belt with accoutrements flung on the table. M. Etienne, with the rapid murmur, "If I look at you, nab him," turned the door handle.

But M. Peyrot had prepared against surprise by the simple expedient of locking his door. He heard us too, for he stopped in the very middle of a prolonged yawn and held himself absolutely still. M. Etienne called out softly:

"Peyrot!"

"Who is it?"

"I want to speak with you about something important."

"Who are you, then?"

"I'll tell you when you let me in."

"I'll let you in when you tell me."

"My name's Martin. I'm a friend of Bernet. I want to speak to you quietly about a matter of importance."

"A friend of Bernet. Hum! Well, friend of Bernet, it appears to me you speak very well through the door."

"I want to speak with you about the affair of to-night."

"What affair?"

"To-night's affair."

"To-night? I go to a supper party at St. Germain. What have you to say about that?"

"Last night, then," M. Etienne amended, with rising temper. "If you want me to shout it out on your stairs, the St. Quentin affair."

"Now, what may you mean by that?" called the voice from within. If Peyrot was startled by the name he carried it off well.

"You know what I mean. Shall I take the house into our confidence?"

"The house knows as much of your meaning as I. See here, friend of Bernet, if you are that gentleman's mate perhaps you have a password about you."

"Aye," said M. Etienne readily. "This is it: twenty pistoles."

No answer came immediately. I could guess Peyrot puzzled. Presently he called to us:

"By the bones of St. Anne, I don't believe a word you've been saying. But I'll have you in and see what you look like."

We heard him getting into his boots again and buckling on his baldric. Then we listened to the turning of a key; a lid was raised and banged down again and the lock refastened. It was the box once more. M. Etienne and I looked at each other.

At length Peyrot opened the door and surveyed us.

"What, two friends of Bernet, ventre bleu!" But he allowed us to enter.

He drew back before us with a flourishing bow, his hand resting lightly on his belt, in which was stuck a brace of pistols. Any idea of doing violence on the person of M. Peyrot we dismissed for the present.

Our eyes traveled from his pistols over the rest of him. He was small, lean and wiry, with dark, sharp face and deep-set, twinkling eyes. One moment's glance gave us to know that Peyrot was no fool.

My lord closed the door after him and went straight to the point.

"M. Peyrot, you were engaged last night in an attack on the Duke of St. Quentin. You did not succeed in slaying him, but you did kill his man, and you took from him a packet. I come to buy it."

To be Continued.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK for 1928

Cushions that fit you like your *Easy Chair*

A NEW feeling of luxury—of relaxation—of restful, satisfying comfort—comes over you when you sink into the seat of a McLaughlin-Buick for 1928. For these seats are like easy chairs—made so by tailoring them to fit you, just as fine furniture is tailored.

In every way McLaughlin-Buick for 1928 gives the greatest measure of riding comfort. Hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear—made an integral part of the car by redesigning McLaughlin-Buick's springs and chassis—smooth out the roughest roads and prevent rebound, adding still further to the joy of McLaughlin-Buick travel.

This is another indication of McLaughlin-Buick's greater value—another reason why you should buy a McLaughlin-Buick for 1928.

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PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS of CANADA, LIMITED

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When Better Automobiles Are Built — McLaughlin-Buick Will Build Them

TIME TO GET READY FOR SCHOOL

And this page of Timely Values is a "Demonstration" of how Completely and Advantageously you can be Served by This Store

Much of the merchandise we offer you has been obtained on our new buying system---with twenty-two of Canada's Largest Department Stores together searching the markets for values---placing their orders in one tremendous quantity when necessary---co-operating in buying expenses---cutting down cost prices and assembling large varieties of styles and colors for your choice.

It is the most unique "Demonstration" of School Apparel which we have ever staged. Come in Thursday---the first day---examine and compare---take complete advantage of the "savings" that only an organization of this magnitude can give.

ATTRACTIVE CLASS-ROOM DRESSES FOR OPENING DAY

PRICED $1.25 TO $2.50 EACH

When the bell rings on Tuesday morning, September 6th, you girls naturally want to look your best and looking fit and attractive is not expensive if you shop at this store. For wear in September we suggest these lovely, fashionable Dresses—executed from American Percales, Victoria Prints and Cotton Broadcloths.

Styles that are appropriate, that help a girl in being her natural self. Not over-done from a fashion viewpoint, but neatly and effectively executed.

Obtainable in a splendid variety of patterns, colors and sizes to 14 years.

MIDDIES, SKIRTS AND BLOOMERS MAKE ATTRACTIVE SPORT CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL GIRLS

Athletics are a part of every girls' school life. For these activities you must be suitably clad with wearables that will give the utmost in service. Our school-opening stocks are complete in full range of sizes.

"Middies" in full regulation style—long sleeves, detachable flannel collar and cuffs, made of White Middy Twill.

Priced $1.95 to $2.50.

"Skirts" in pleated styles, made from All Wool Serge, and attached to white cotton waist-bands.

Priced $1.75, $2.39.

"Bloomers" made exceptionally full to give unrestricted freedom. Created from Navy Blue Serge of excellent quality. Workmanship and finish of the highest calibre.

Priced $3.50 each.

Boys | Accessories | Girls

HANDKERCHIEFS

And it's not possible to have too many. Boys want them to match every suit and girls to go with every dress. Excellent varieties and values are on display.

Boys' Irish Linen, with narrow hems and initialled in script lettering. Priced 50 cents each.

In plain linen with narrow hem, in large and small sizes, priced 25c. each.

In plain linen with narrow hem, small size only, priced 15c. each, or 2 for 25 cents.

Plain lawn, with ¼ inch hem, large size, 2 for 25c., 3 for 25c. Small size, 5 cents each, 6 for 25c.

FALL AND WINTER HOSIERY

It takes cash to keep the children supplied in warm, good-looking stockings. We realize what it means when there are several in the family. We cannot buy them for you, but we can and do supply you with the best values obtainable in the trade. Large quantities bought at the mills enable us to quote money-saving prices on qualities that will stand the gaff for school and sport wear. Priced from 25c. to 85c. pair.

Special for Saturday, September 3rd

School Opening Sale of Slickers. All Sizes $4.59 each.

No one stays home from school now on rainy days—parasols, slickers, rubbers keeps them dry, warm and perfectly comfortable.

The Slickers on sale Saturday are very special—specially made and very specially priced—the lowest that we have seen anywhere. They are of fine cambric, splendidly rubberized, and are absolutely waterproof. Seams are well sewn, are strong, and will give unusual wear.

Obtainable in two colors—Red and Blue.

Sizes 14 to 42 in each shade.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

C D S L

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED

STORE No. 10

C D S L

BOYS' LONGIE SUITS–FOXS' ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE

$10.75

Suits that will interest the boy returning from camp with his arms dangling out of his coat sleeves and the buttons too tight. Excellent suits these are—a handsome double breasted model coat—an athletic style vest or waistcoat, and trousers with the modern wide bottoms and cuff. Sizes for boys from 10 to 18.

BOYS' BLOOMER SUITS ESPECIALLY PRICED FOR QUICK SELLING

Every size from 28 to 36. A splendid range in 32 to 35. Prices are $5.00, $7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $11.00 and $12.50 per suit. You will find these generously cut, extra well made, bloomers fully lined—many of them with vests. Come and share.

BOYS' SCHOOL FURNISHINGS

SPECIAL WINDBREAKER at $2.95 each. Sizes 2 8to 34 for boys 9 to 17 years. Fancy patterns and heavy wool materials. A regular $3.95—While they last **$2.95 each.**

BOYS' BLOUSES—In guaranteed fast color materials—ages 7 to 15. The famous Tooke make. Special at **$1.00 each.**

BOYS' SHIRTS—With separate collars—cut full and roomy from fast colored materials. Every-shirt guaranteed. **$1.25 and $1.50 each.**

BOYS' NIGHTROBES in flannelette, **$1.25 each.**

BOYS' PYJAMAS, in flanelette **$1.75 each.**

BOYS' PENMAN'S PREFERRED COMBINATION UNDERWEAR.

BOYS' RUBBER BELTS in Brown, Black or Grey, **25c. each.**

Odd lines of Jerseys, Sweater Coats and Windbreakers at cut prices.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Chrystobel Taylor is visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Fred Rendell, Sr., is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Garrett Taylor, London, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Mrs. Ward, Dearborn, Mich., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Miss Minnie Miller, New York, is the guest of her father, Mr. S. R. Miller.

Mrs. Murney Parks is visiting friends in Peterborough.

Mr. Chas. Gunsolus, Peterboro, and daughter, Mrs. Matschki, Cleveland, O., are visiting Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Miss Stafford, Elora, is the guest of Miss Dunbar.

Mrs. Thos. French, Bancroft, is the guest of Mrs. E. R .Sills.

Mrs. Andrew Lalonde, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jas. Vine.

Mrs. Weir, Chicago, spent last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller.

Mr. Carson Graham left on Sunday to accept a position with the Standard Paving Co. ,at Oshawa.

Mr .and Mrs. Walter Barber and children, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin.

Miss Laura Rockwell is visiting relatives at Ernesttown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham, who were visiting relatives in Napanee last week, returned to Oshawa on Sunday.

Messrs. A. E. Caton, F. Jas. Roblin and Dr. McLaughlin are on a fishing trip in the north country.

Misses Letha and Dorothy Scott and Mr. Don Scott are motoring to Toronto and Walkerville.

Miss Burleigh, R.N., Kingston, was the guest of Miss Abbie Judson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hamm, Los Angeles, are visiting friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Girdwood, Perth, were renewing acquaintances in Napanee last week.

Mrs. Clara Barnett and son, Franklyn, Watertown, N.Y., visited Napanee friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mooney announce the engagement of their only daughter, Mary A., Toronto, to Mr John Slee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Slee, of Toronto, the marriage to take place early in September.

Mrs. Fred Bradley, Brighton, spent a few days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Todd.

Mr. Geo. Finlay, Strathcona, spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott Vanalstine, Chicago, Mrs. I. Vanalstine and Mrs. Matthew Taylor were on a motor trip to New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tice, Belleville, spent last week with relatives in Napanee.

Mrs. Nichlos, Winnipeg, Man., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pennell.

Miss Kate Gallagher, Kingston, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. W. J. Jewell.

Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Scott, of Denbigh, are visiting relatives in town for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Ela McCabe has returned from an extended trip to Oshawa, Port Perry and Western Ontario.

Mr. W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, spent a few days last week in Napanee.

Mrs. N. C. Vandemark, of Oshawa, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bowen during Exhibition week.

Dr. H. W .Smith is in Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. Stewart Connolly and children, Montreal, and Mrs. Ross, Belleville, are guests of their mother, Mrs. Benjamin.

Dr. R. V. McLaughlin is away till Saturday, Sept. 3rd, on a fishing trip.

Mr. Mark Graham and Miss Jean and Chief of Police Barrett are in Toronto for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. W. J. Doller spent a few days last week at Craig's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wallace, Georgetown, Ont., spent a few days last week with relatives in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Boyle motored to Hartford, Conn., on Sunday, taking Mrs. Dr. Griswold and family home.

Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin and grandchildren have returned from visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Gordon, at her summer home at Grippen Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kienzle and Miss Olive Liddell, of Syracuse, N.Y., who have been visiting their parents, Mr .and Mrs. D. L. Greene, the past two weeks, returned to their home on Saturday last.

Miss Marion Gale, of Cobourg, who has been a guest at the home of Mrs. Katherine Powell, returned to her home on Monday, accompanied by Miss Mary Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bowen were in Elgin on Friday attending the funeral of Mrs. Bowen's aunt, the late Mrs. Milton Day. Mrs. Day was 100 years old on the 12th of June last. The funeral was a very large one.

Mr. Dougall Dingman, former owner of Glen Island, died a few weeks ago at Winter Haven, Fla.

Odessa baseball team won the intermediate O.B.A. semi-finals from Sydenham team on Wednesday last by a score of 14-5.

Marsden Kemp will call in a few days on his way to Picton, and attend to some engagements here. Orders at Wallace's Drug Store.

Three young Kingston men are held by the police, charged with stealing clothes, the property of one of the Midway showmen at the fair grounds.

B. H. Besselaar, who has been on the road for five years, and travelled 16,000 miles, was in Napanee on Thursday, travelling east to H .lifax, and from there to the United States and Mexico.

Mr. William Coulter, Palace Road, has returned home from Stirling, where he visited his son, Mr. R. P. Coulter. Mr. Coulter has reached the great age of four score years and ten and is in the best of health, being as smart as one many years his junior. This grand old man is the father of seven children and has forty-eight grandchildren. Only one break has occurred in the family, when his wife died two years ago.

Martin Switzer, a former resident of South Fredericksburgh, but who has been residing in Napanee for the past few years with his son, Mr. Geo. H. Switzer, passed away on Friday last. Deceased had had several strokes and his health had been failing fast for some time. The late Mr. Switzer was born in the Township of Camden but had resided in South Fredericksburgh for forty-eight years, where he was a successful farmer. He came to Napanee seven years ago with his son George, and during that time had made many warm friends. His wife predeceased him thirty-one years ago, also a daughter thirty-three years ago. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the residence of his son, to Sandhurst cemetery.

BIRTHS

Brandon—At St. Elizabeth Hospital, Humboldt, Sask., on Sunday, August 7th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Brandon, a daughter—Olive Elizabeth.

Rose—At Napanee, on Sunday, Aug. 28th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rose, a daughter.

DEATHS

Switzer—At Napanee, on Friday, August 26th, 1927, Martin Switzer, aged 83 years, 6 months.

Duck Shooting.

Get your supply of reliable ammunition at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MILLING AND BAKING QUALITIES OF GARNET WHEAT

Garnet seems entitled to rank among the good milling wheats. This is the considered opinion of Mr. L. H. Newman, the Dominion Cerealist as expressed in his new bulletin on "Garnet Wheat." The chief point in which Garnet may be open to a little criticism is in the colour of the flour, which is slightly more yellow or creamy than is that of Marquis. The unbleached flour of Garnet when freshly milled may be described as light yellow or creamy yellow, while that of Marquis may be described as cream ywhite. Since, however, bleaching and maturing processes have become highly developed and are becoming generally practised, the objection to the colour of Garnet, if it is an objection, would appear to be appreciably minimized.

Garnet seems to be about the equal of Marquis in weight per measured bushel, and where the supply of moisture is ample it may even excel the older wheat. The two wheats are about equal in flour yield, but the ash content of Garnet is generally appreciably higher than that of Marquis. Garnet flour generally produces a little higher bread yield and a loaf of slightly greater volume than Marquis. In texture of crumb Garnet is almost equal to Marquis, and superior to Early Red Fife, Early Triumph and Kitchener. Good texture, combined with high volume, is commonly regarded as an indication of high baking strength.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith nothng wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.

A BIBLE LOVER.

PICTON FAIR—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thrusday, Friday—September 6, 7, 8, 9. It's going to be a great Fair! It's going to be a Fair that everybody will enjoy attending. We advise all the people to take in this, the Model County Fair of the Dominion, for they will enjoy every part of the Fair. Remember the dates!

40-b

MOSCOW NORTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenburg and son spent Sunday in McLean.

Mrs. Sampson King is spending some time in Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vanvolkenburg and family, of Buffalo, N.Y., have returned home after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar.

Mr. Sampson King took dinner on Sunday with his son, Henry King.

Mrs. Elmer Jackson spent Monday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson, Mrs. Elias Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simmons, Enterprise.

Sorry to hear Mr. Henry Reid is on the sick list.

Mrs. Leonard, of Yarker, is spending some time with her parents, Mr .and Mrs. Edwin Makins.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Scanlin and son, Jim, spent a Sunday recently with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Evans.

Miss Florence Knapp is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Harry Albertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ritchie called on Mrs. Wellington Coulter.

Miss Hazel Ritchie spent the week-end with Misses Florence and Annie Knapp.

Mr. Norman Jackson spent the week-end at Belleville with Mr. Elwel Bell.

Miss Florence Brown spent the past week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Degroff.

Mrs. Norman Jackson and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and son spent Thursday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ritchie spent Sunday with her parents, Mr .and Mrs. Varrett, Sydenham.

Miss Annie Knapp spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Mrs. Wellington Coulter.

Mrs. Harry Todd and daughter are spending some time with her brother at Watertown.

A number attended the shower at Mr. James Ritchie's and all report a good time.

Mrs. Ella Evans spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Makins.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Coulter and Miss Hazel Ritchie spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Albertson.

Mr. Rufus Wagar and Mr. Norman Jackson spent Friday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Vanvolkenburg, of Lima, N.Y., spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar.

Mrs. Wellington Coulter and Miss Hazel Ritchie spent Saturday in Kingston.

Picton Fair is to be hel din Picton on September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. This is the best distinctly Agricultural Exposition in Eastern Ontario. This year the Directors are providing More Sights to See; More Objects of Interest; More Exhibits to Admire; More Pleasure for All; Increased Premiums; Daily Band Concerts; Baby Show; Extensive Exhibits; Exciting Horse Races; Snappy Baseball; Live Stock Parade; Midway; "Pageant of Progress and Confederation. THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR: DON'T MISS A SINGLE DAY.

40-b

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaton's.

DISCRIMINATING.

He—"Well, I have taken up golf!"

She—"Do you play with 'nickers'?"

He—"I should say not—only white people!"—Swiped.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

HARVESTERS! 25,000 WANTED

$15.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus half a cent per mile beyond to all points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta,—Edmonton, Tannis, Calgary, MacLeod and East. **RETURNING**—Half a cent per mile to Winnipeg, plus $20.00 to destination.

AUG. 30th—From Toronto, Caledon East, Beeton, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland, Capreol, and South and East in Ontario, also Stations in Quebec West of St. Andrews and Lachute.

SEPT. 7th—From Stations in Ontario, Toronto, Inglewood Jct. and West and South thereof.

Special Trains for Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways:

From TORONTO (Union Station)—**Aug. 30th**—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) 12.30 p.m.; 10.40 p.m. **Sept. 7th**—2.00 p.m.; 10.40 p.m.

From OTTAWA—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th); 12.01 noon.

From PETERBORO—Aug. 30th—12.01 a.m. (Midnight Aug. 29th) via Lindsay, Blackwater and Atherley.

From WINDSOR—Sept. 7th—12.30 a.m. (Midnight Sept 6th) via Chatham, London, Hamilton and Inglewood.

From PALMERSTON—Sept. 7th—9.00 a.m. via Guelph, Georgetown and Inglewood.

Through cars from other principal points connecting with above special trains. For details consult local Canadian National Agents

Through Trains—Comfortable Colonist Cars—Special Cars for Women and Children

Travel **CANADIAN NATIONAL**

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